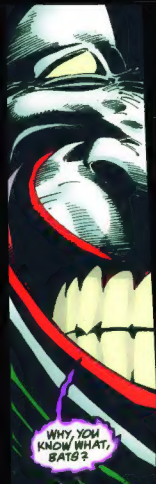


It's a

PHAIRO

Scan

Tom and Jerry #233



WHY YOU
KNOW WHAT,
BATS?



CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

DO SOME
MORE!

#ocd on newnet <http://ocd.conforums.com>

GOLD
KEY

TOM and JERRY

12c

TOM and JERRY

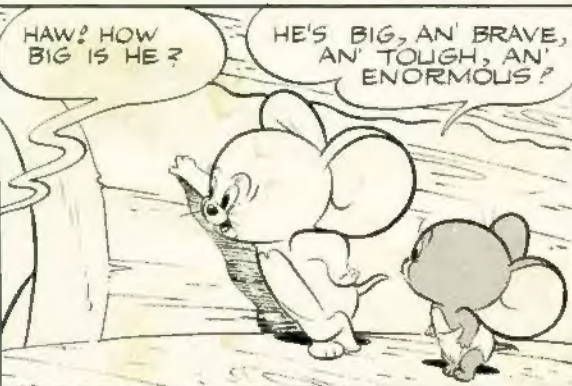
10058-612
DECEMBER



TOM and JERRY

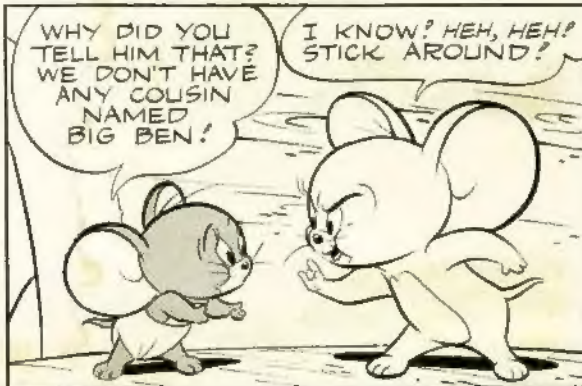


IF YOU DON'T STOP CHASING US, WE'RE GOING TO TELL OUR COUSIN BIG BEN ON YOU!



HAW? HOW BIG IS HE?

HE'S BIG, AN' BRAVE, AN' TOUGH, AN' ENORMOUS?

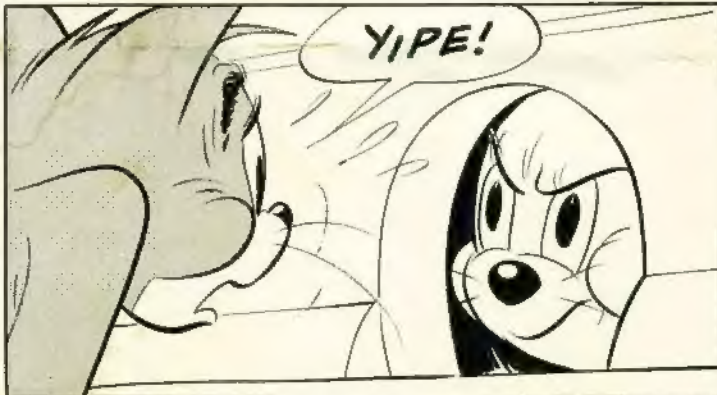


WHY DID YOU TELL HIM THAT? WE DON'T HAVE ANY COUSIN NAMED BIG BEN!

I KNOW? HEH, HEH? STICK AROUND!



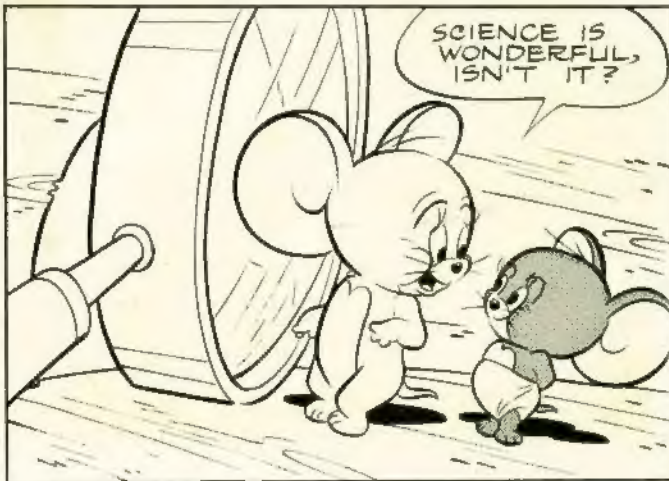
OH, TOM... COUSIN BEN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU?



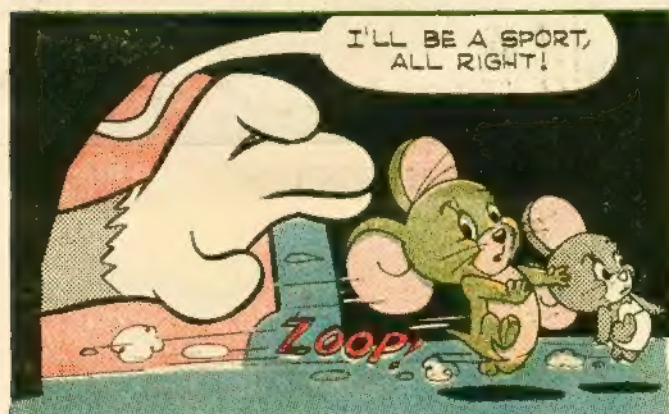
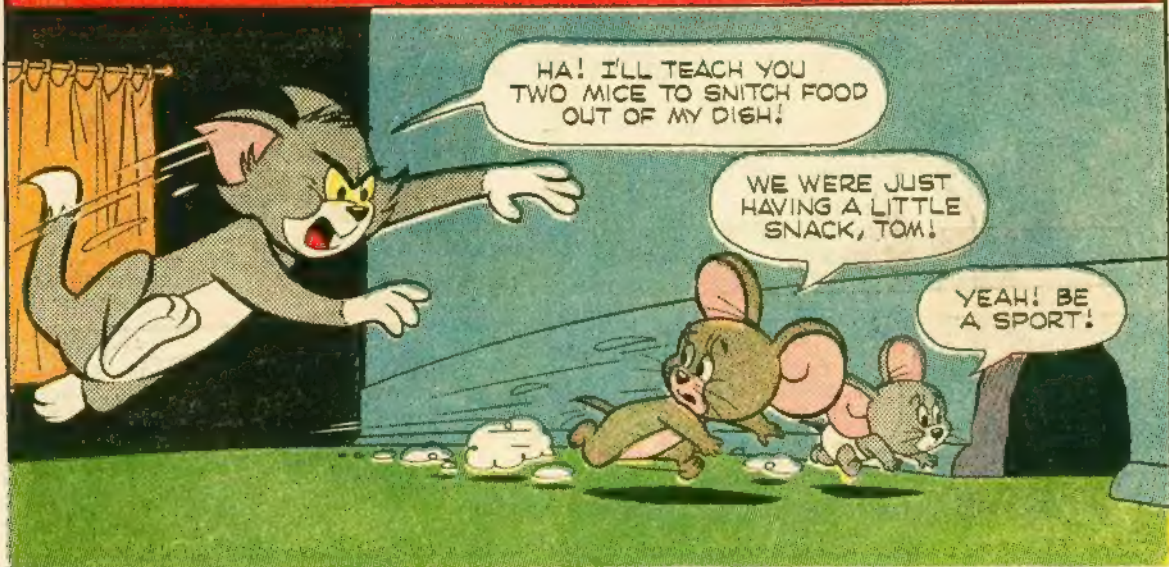
YIPE!



I'LL BE GOOD? I'LL GO AWAY?

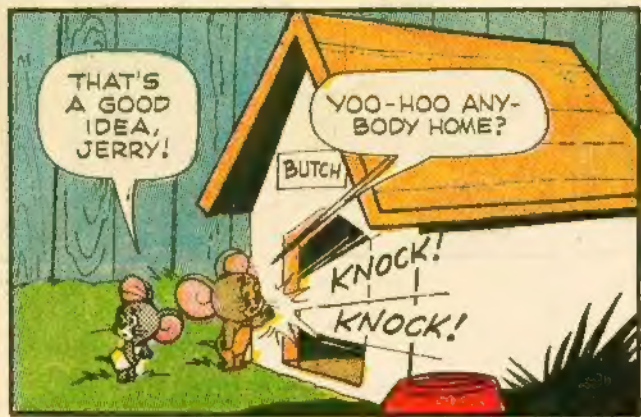
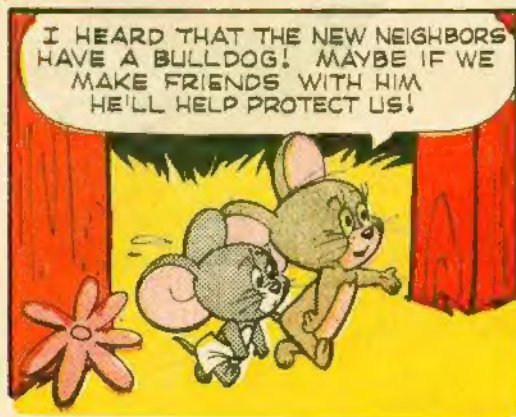
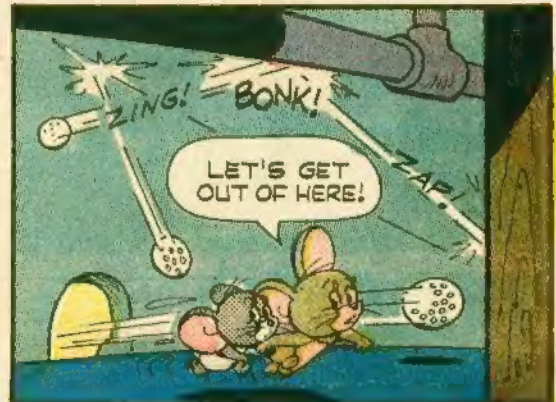
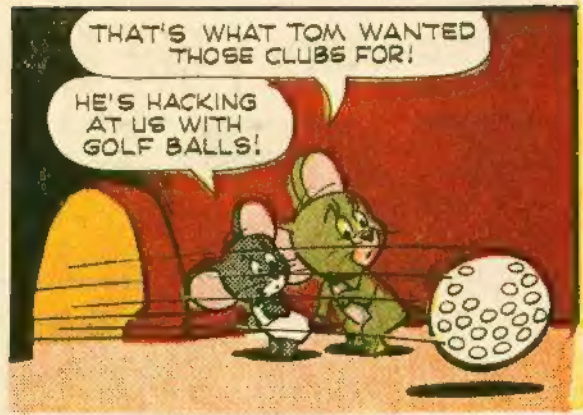
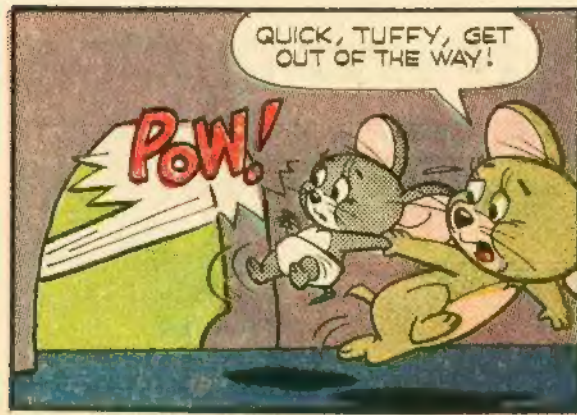


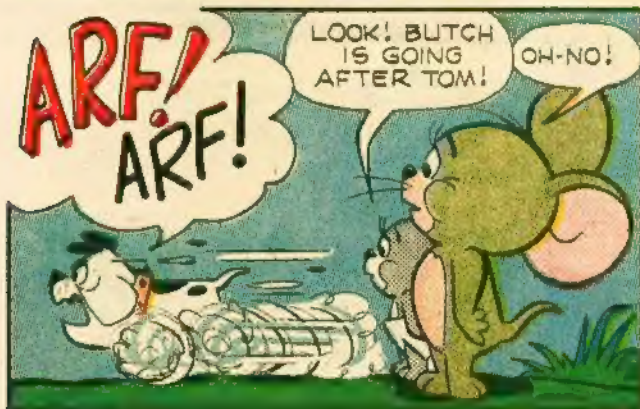
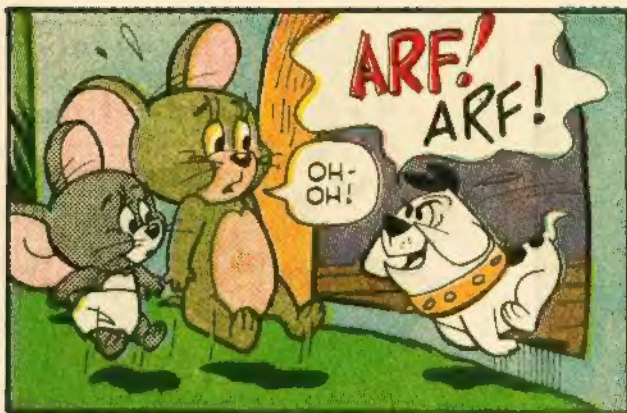
SCIENCE IS WONDERFUL, ISN'T IT?

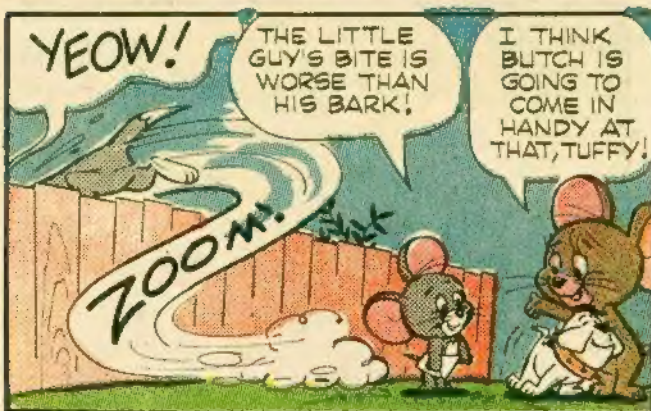
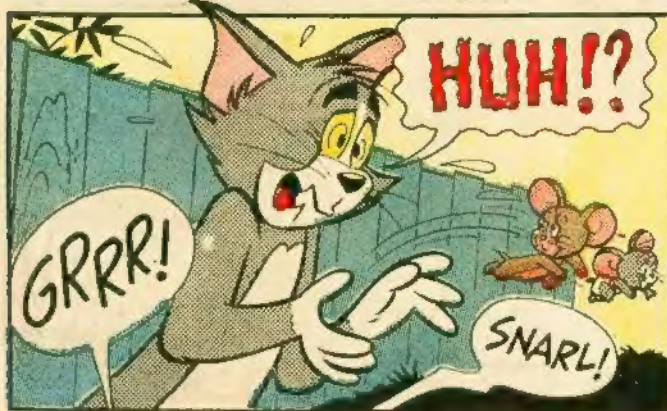
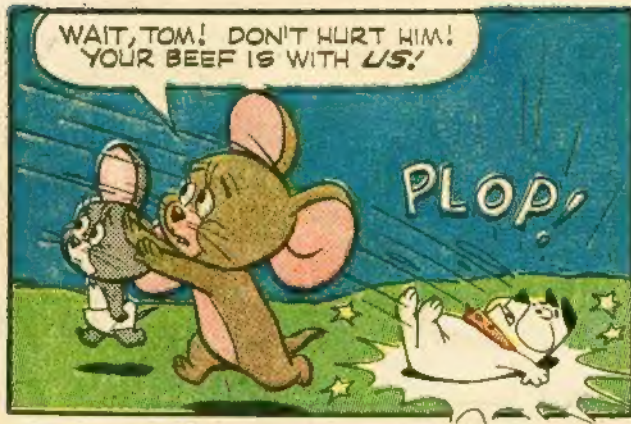


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TIME
PASSES...

BOY, I BET I'VE
PUT ON TEN OUNCES
SINCE THAT LITTLE
DOG MOVED IN
NEXT DOOR!

ME, TOO, TUFFY!
TOM DOESN'T EVEN
SAY "BOO" WHEN
WE RAID THE
ICEBOX!

FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
FELLAS, THINGS
CHANGED LAST
NIGHT!



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

COME ALONG
AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!



LOOK!

OH-OH!
BUTCH IS
GONE!

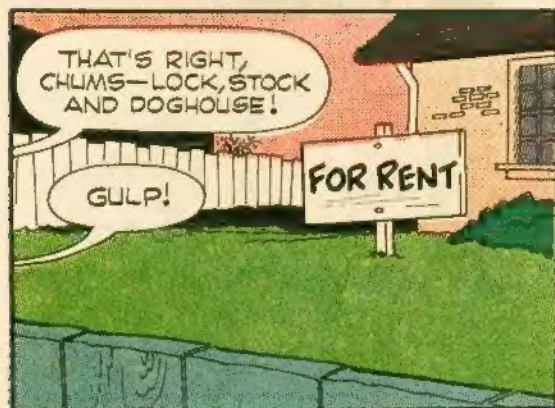
THE
PEOPLE
MOVED
AWAY!



THAT'S RIGHT,
CHUMS—LOCK STOCK
AND DOGHOUSE!

GULP!

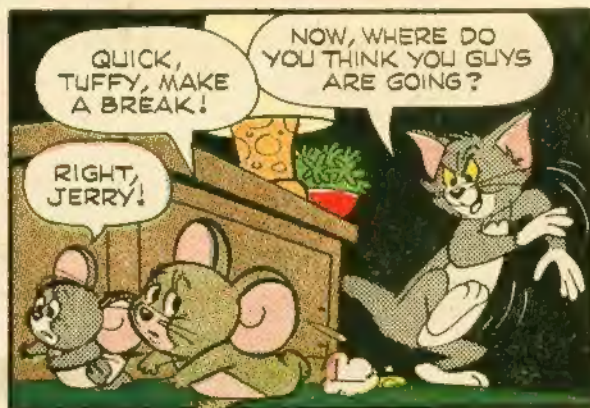
FOR RENT



QUICK,
TUFFY, MAKE
A BREAK!

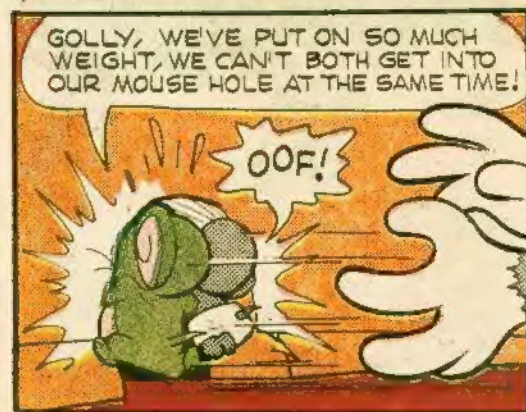
NOW, WHERE DO
YOU THINK YOU GUYS
ARE GOING?

RIGHT,
JERRY!



GOLLY, WE'VE PUT ON SO MUCH
WEIGHT, WE CAN'T BOTH GET INTO
OUR MOUSE HOLE AT THE SAME TIME!

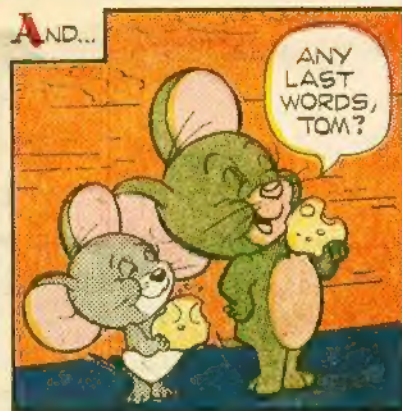
OOF!



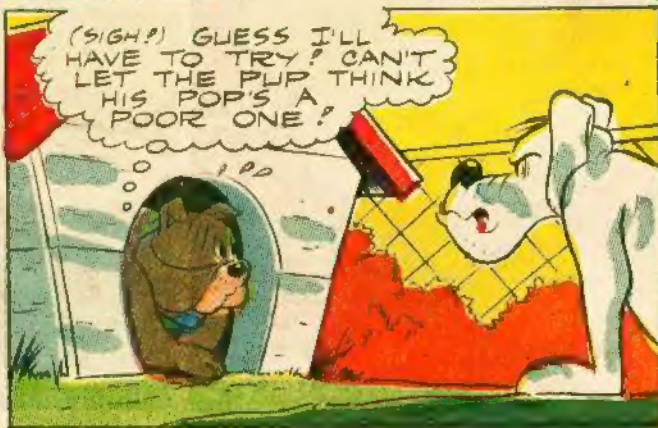
OH, OH!
TOO
LATE!

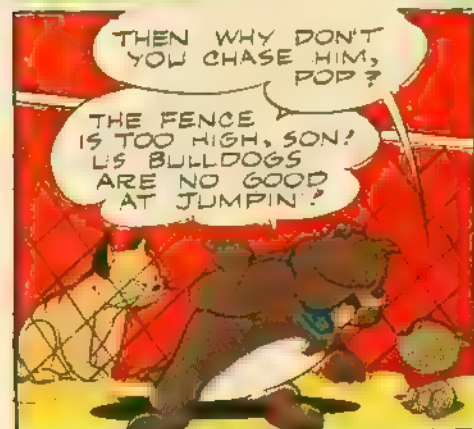
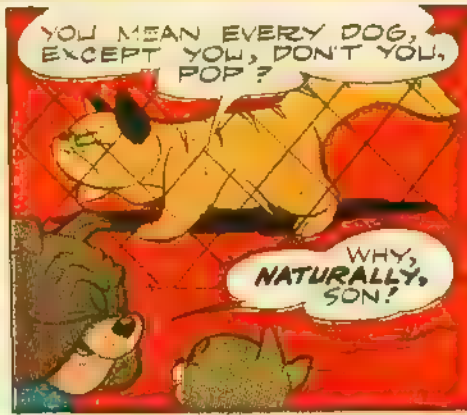
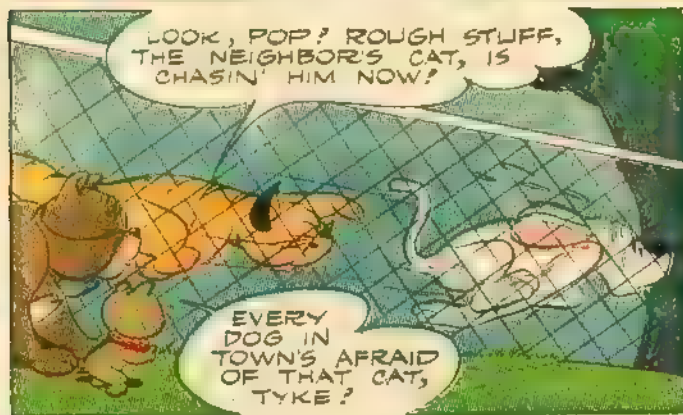
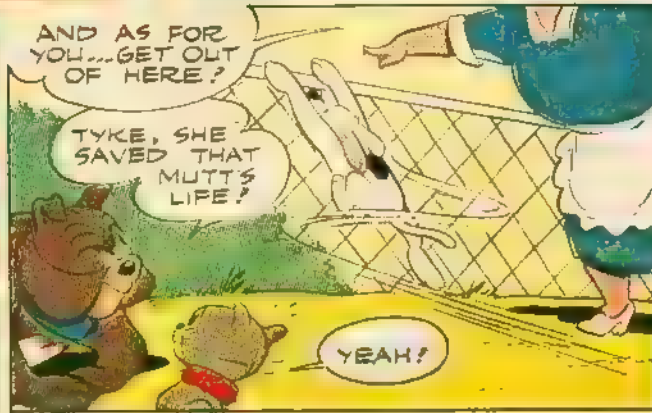
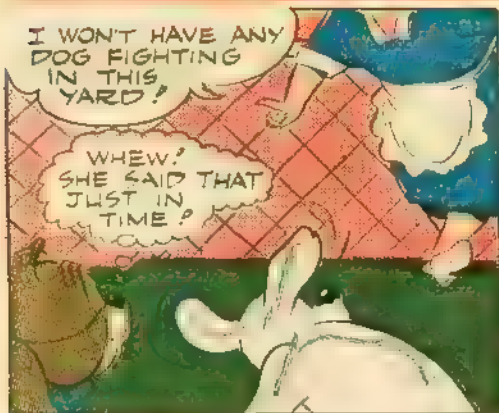
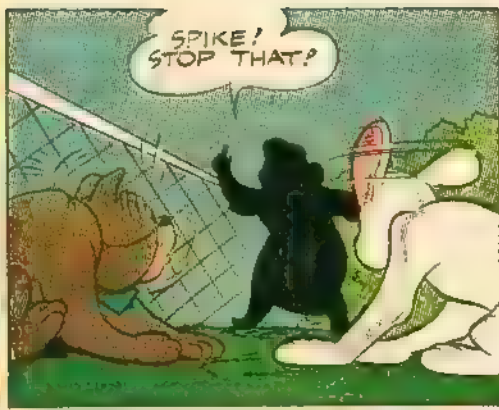
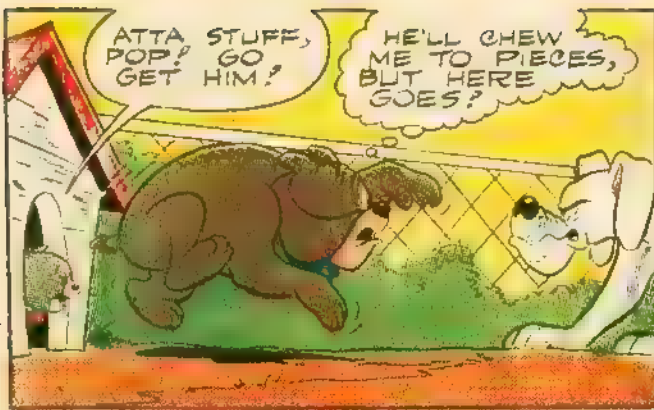
NOW, FELLAS, IF
YOU'LL JOIN ME FOR A
LITTLE SPORT—

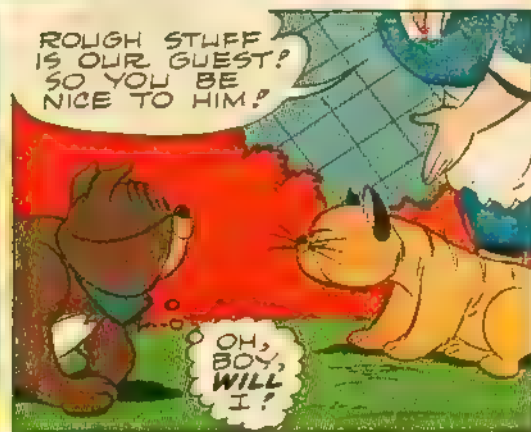
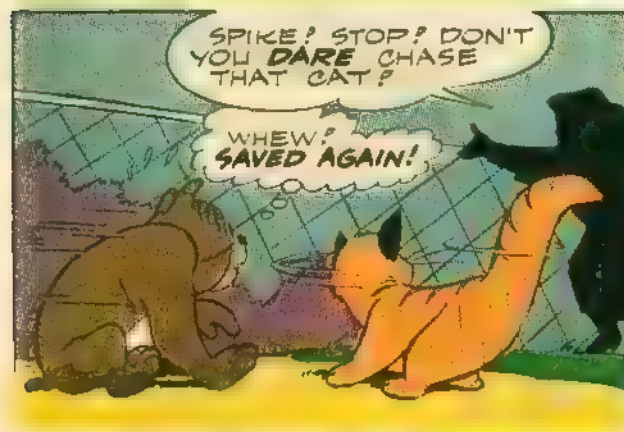
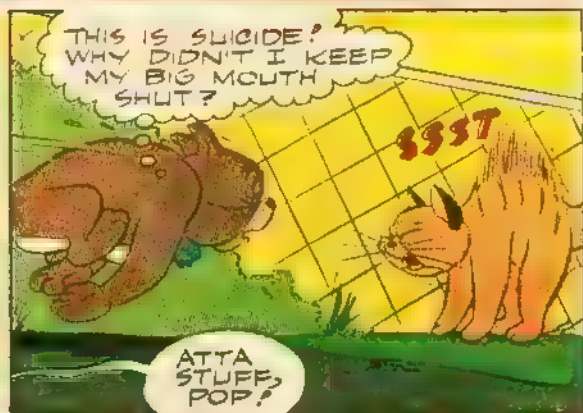
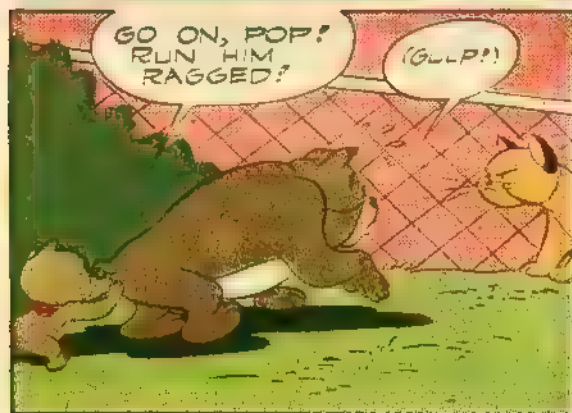
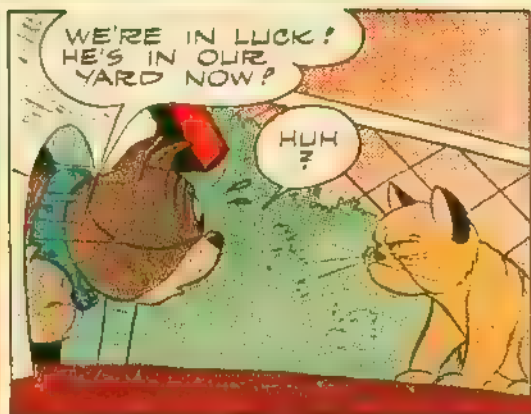
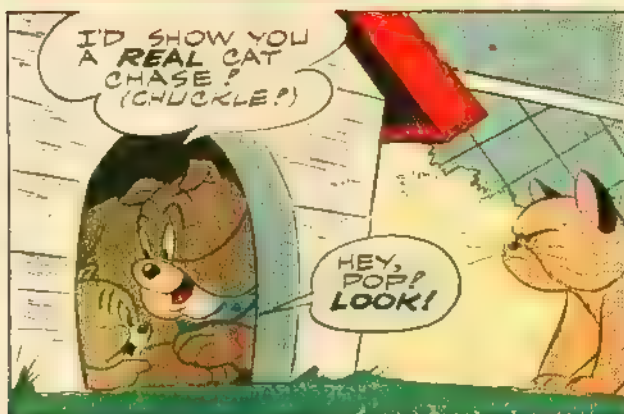
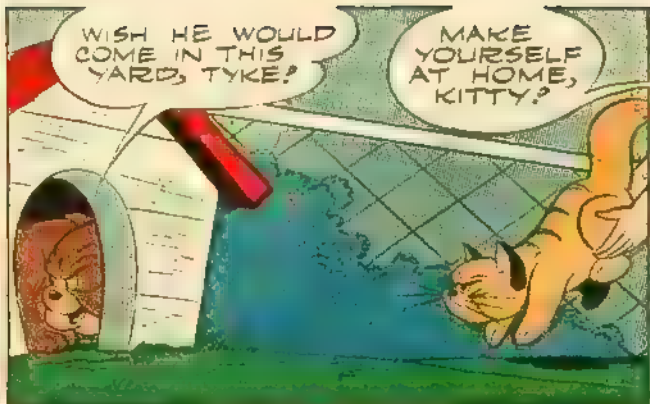


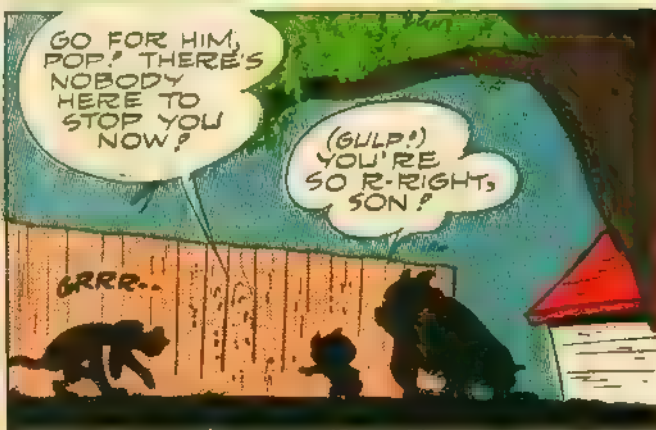
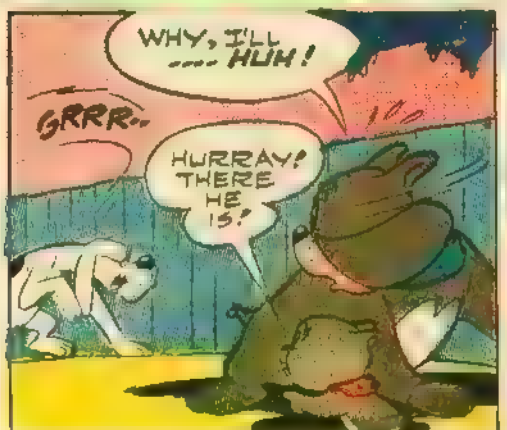
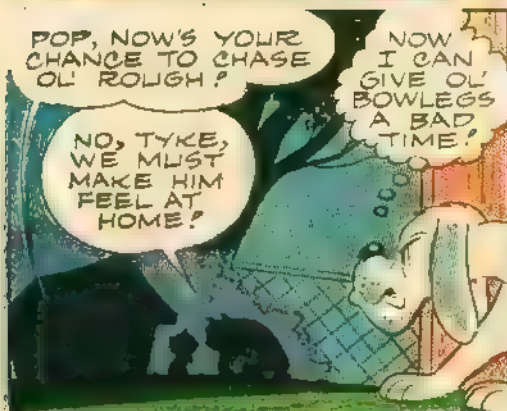
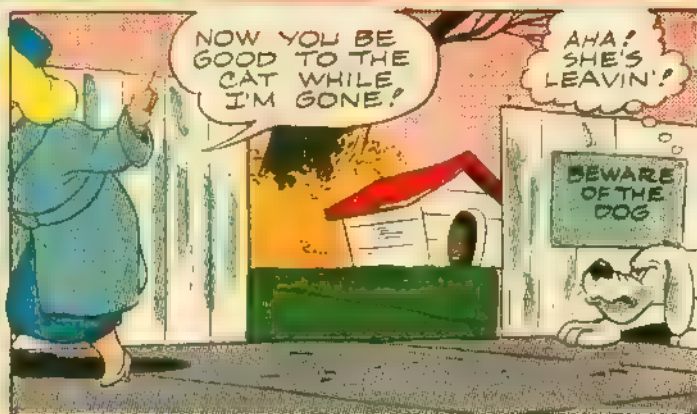
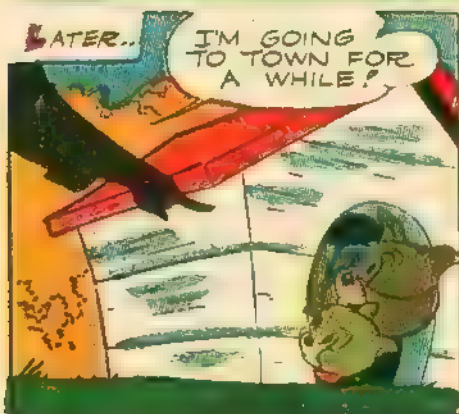
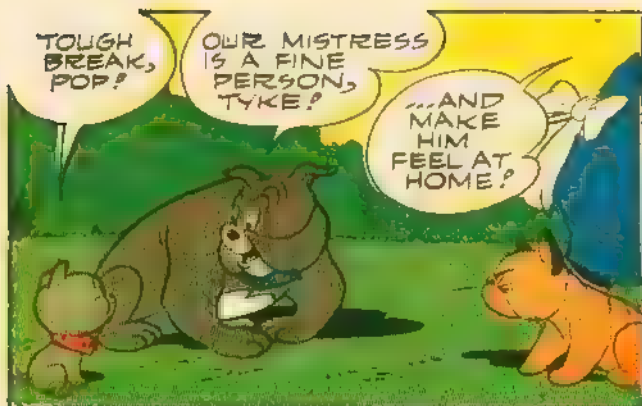


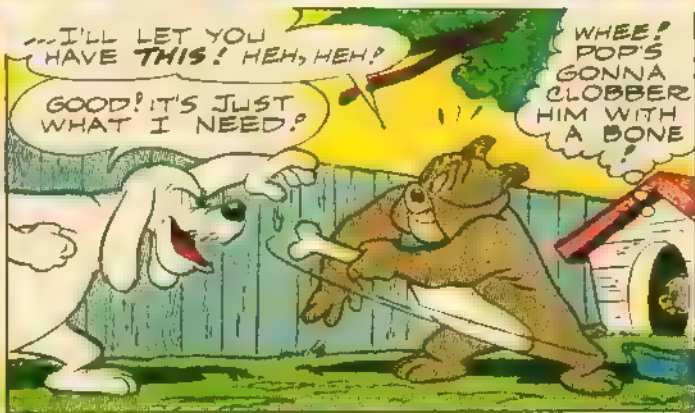
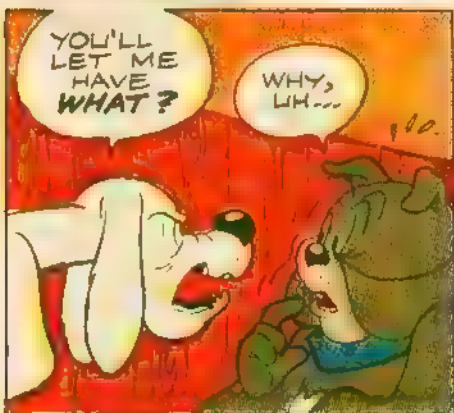
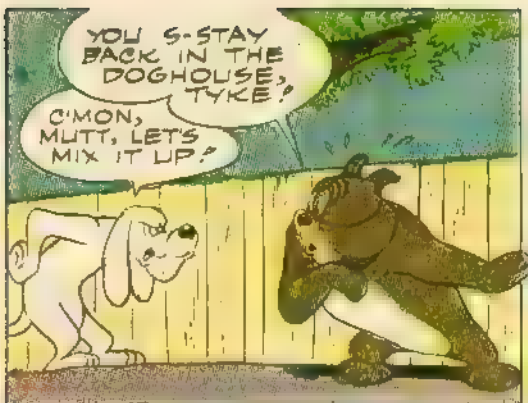
Big **SPIKE** AND Little **TYKE**

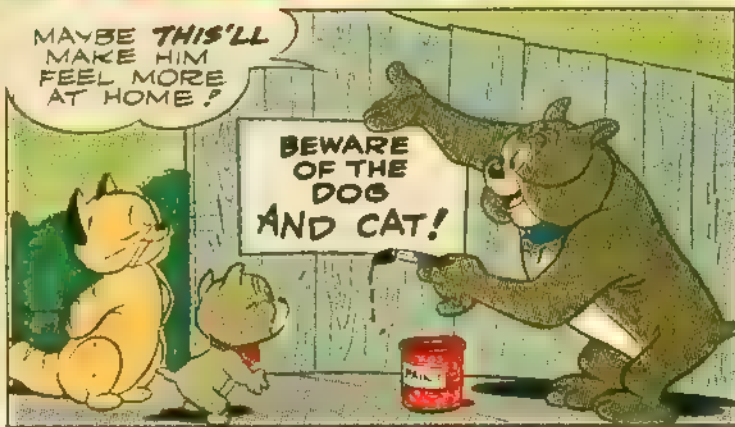
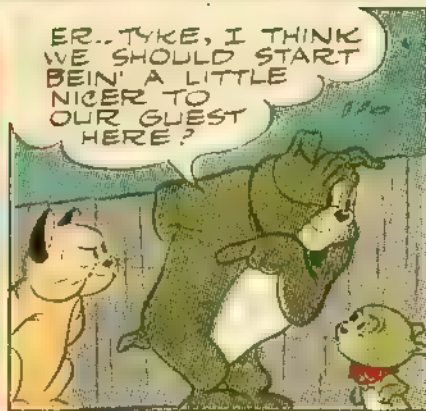
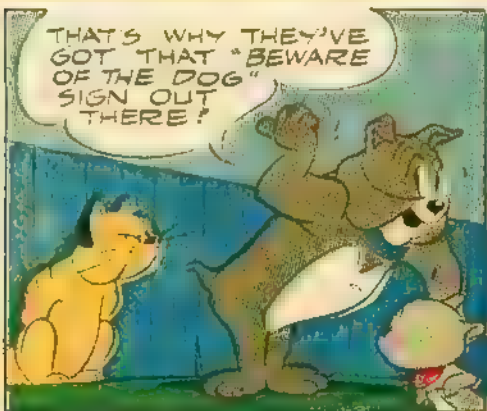
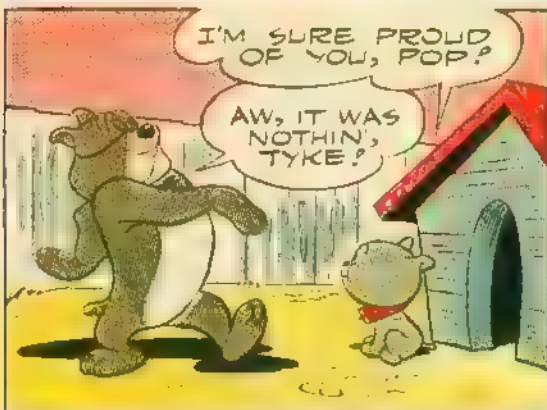




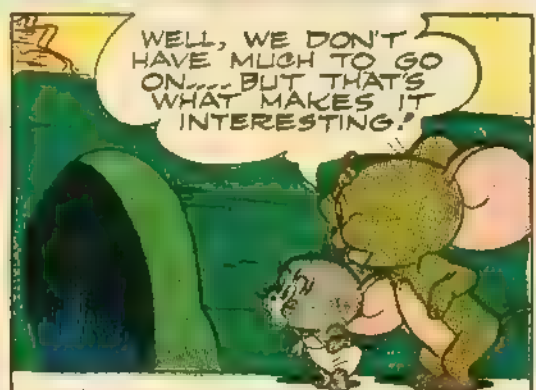
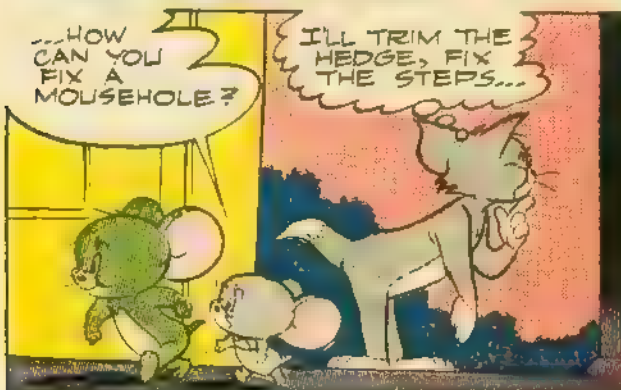
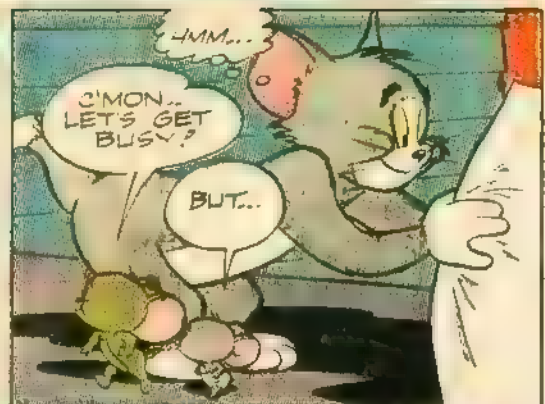
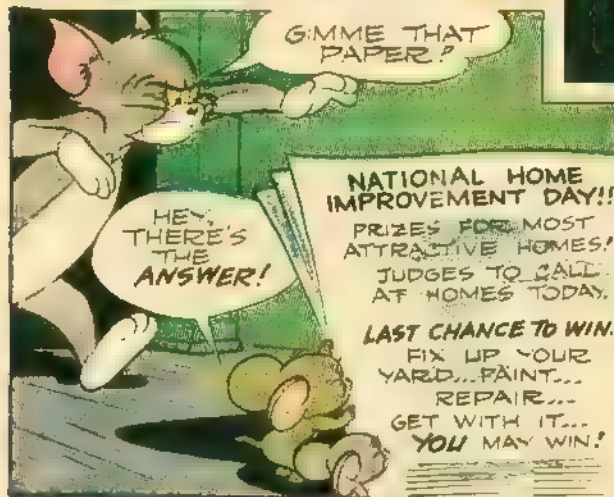
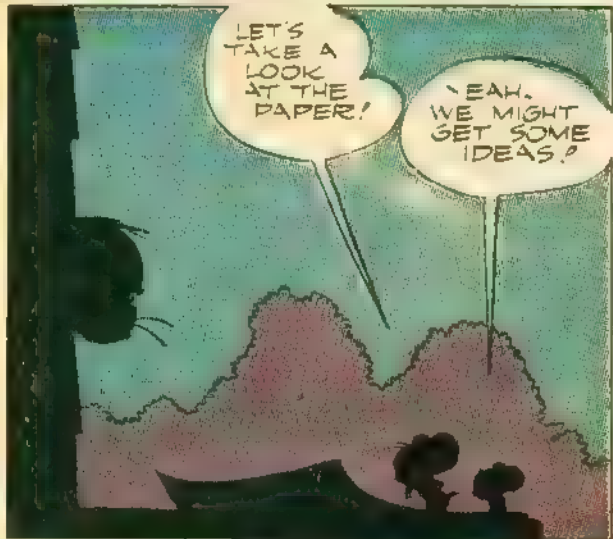
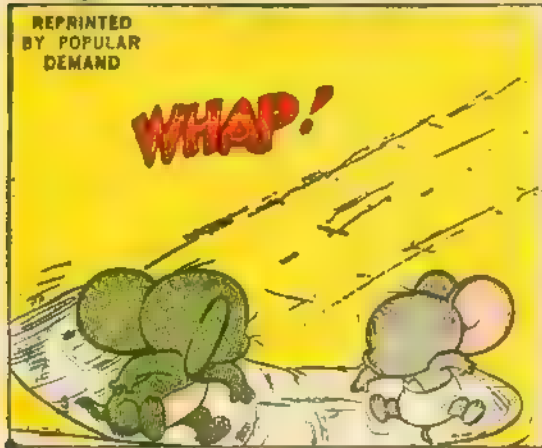
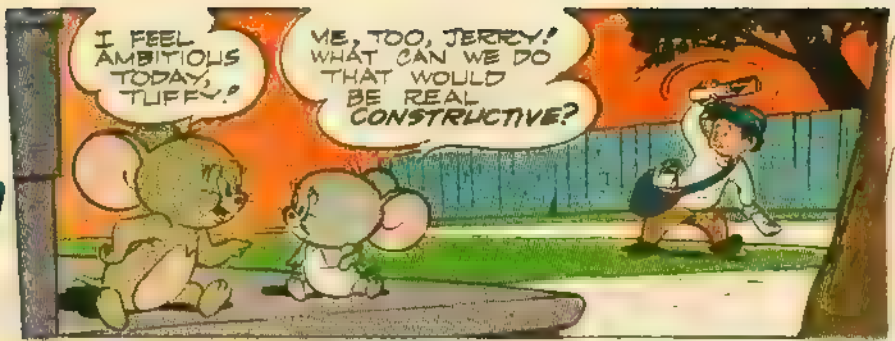


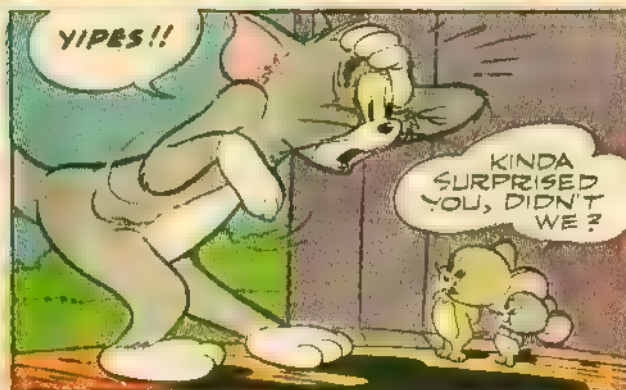
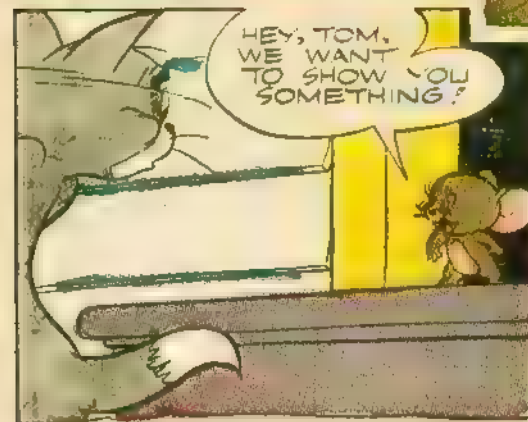
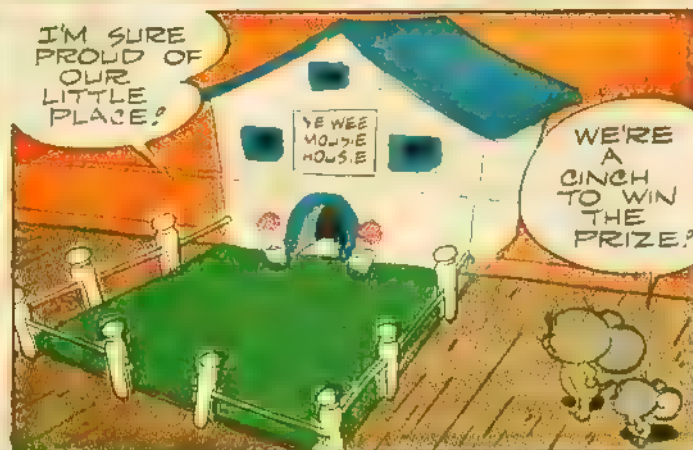
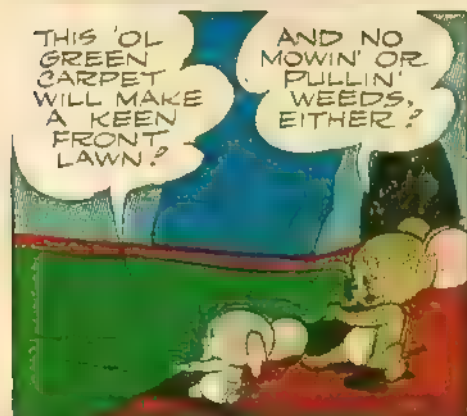
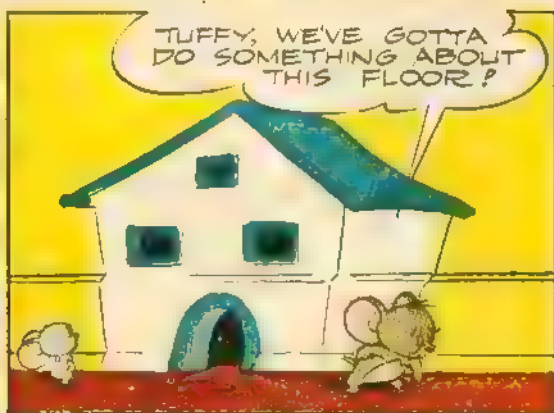
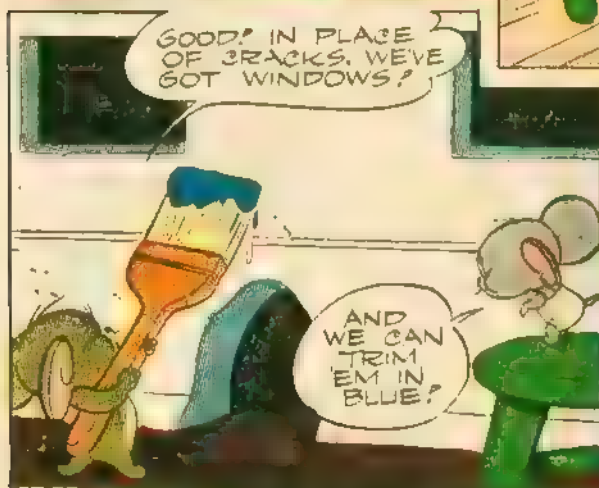
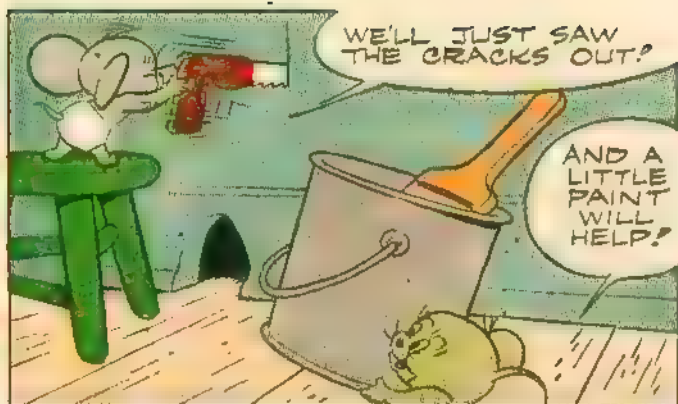
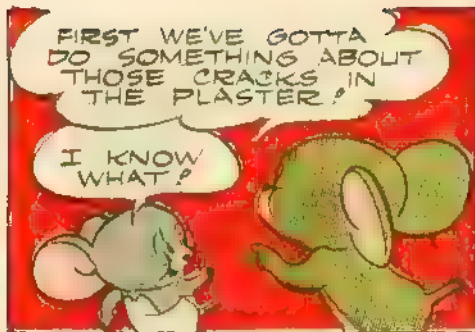




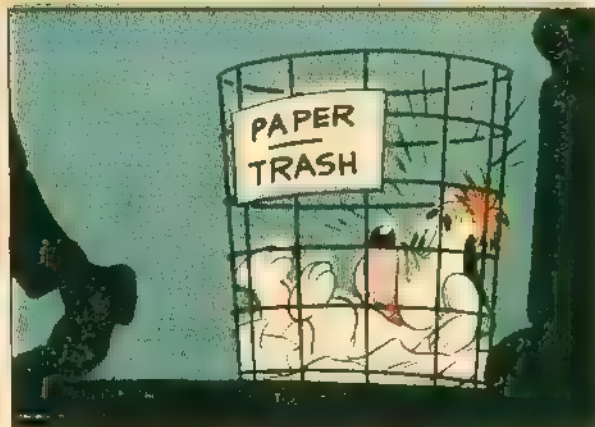
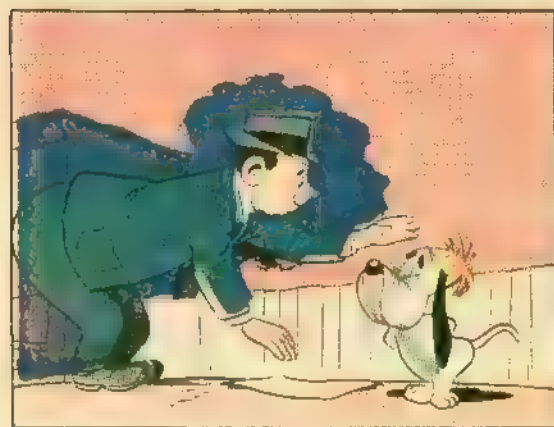
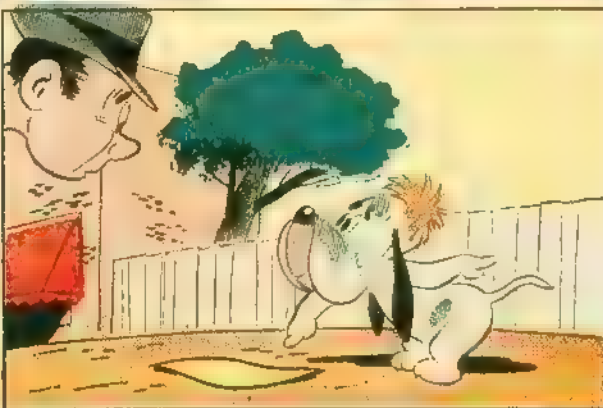
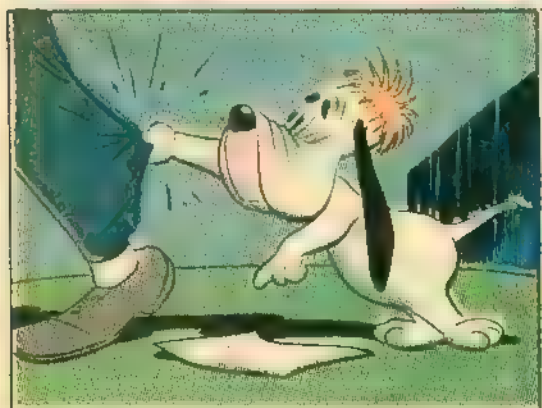
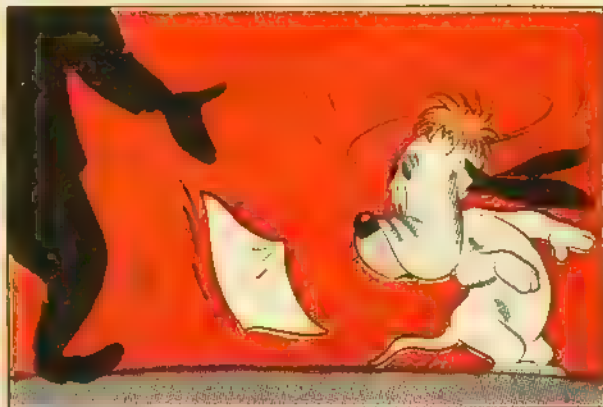
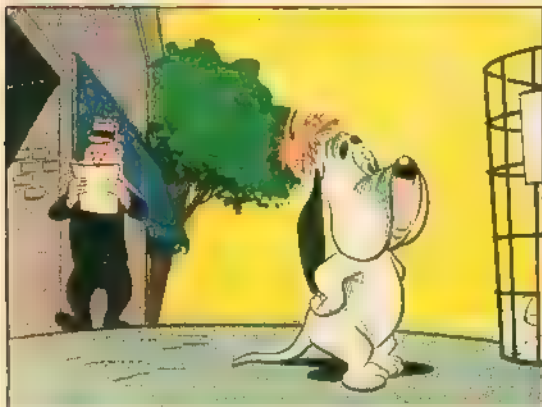
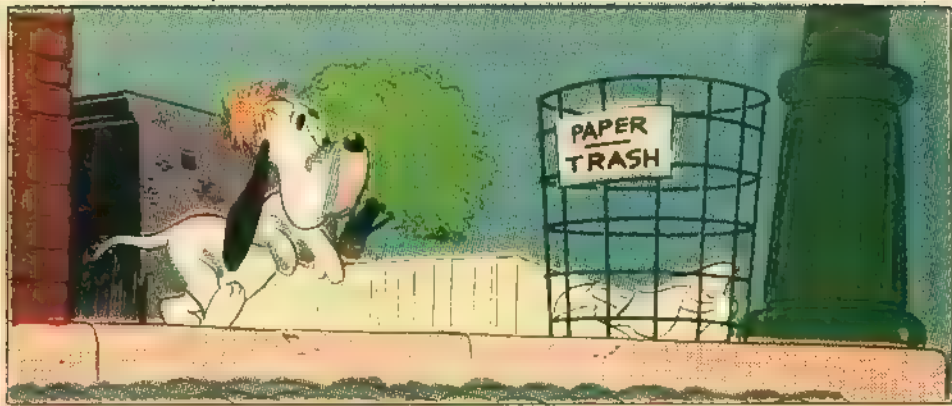


TOM and JERRY

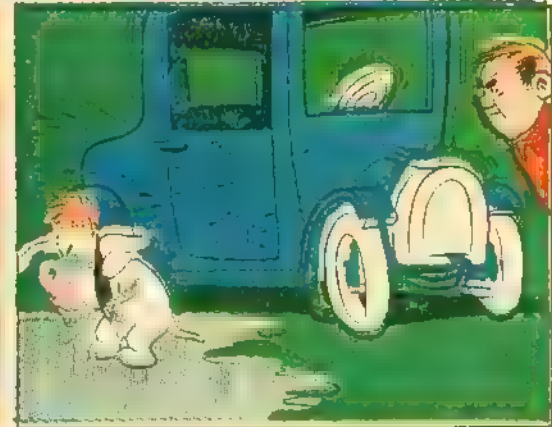
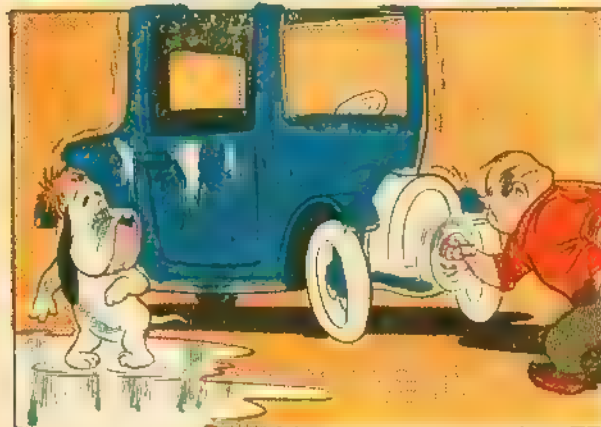
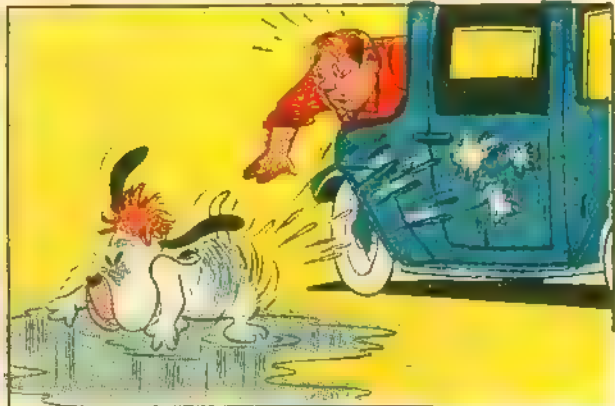
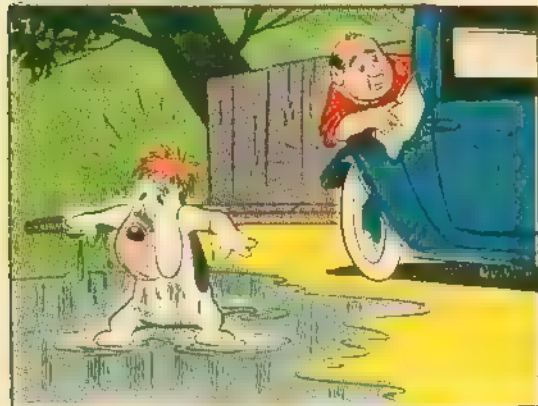
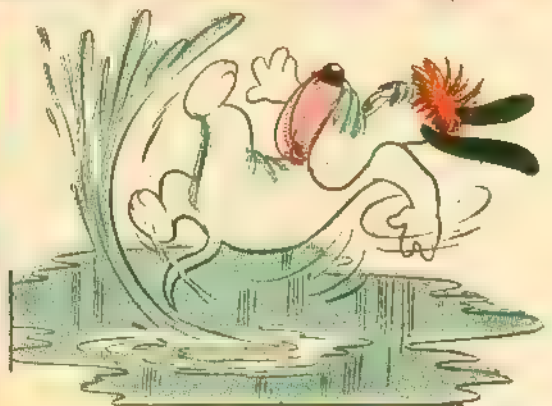
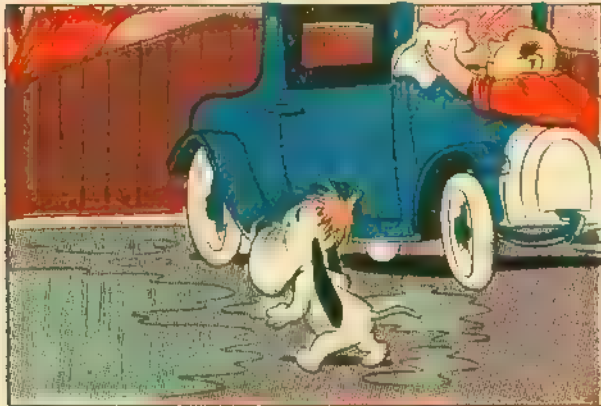
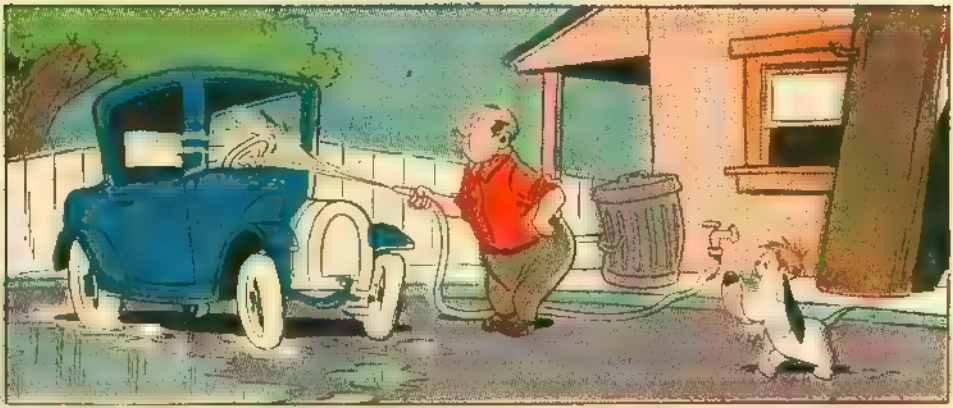


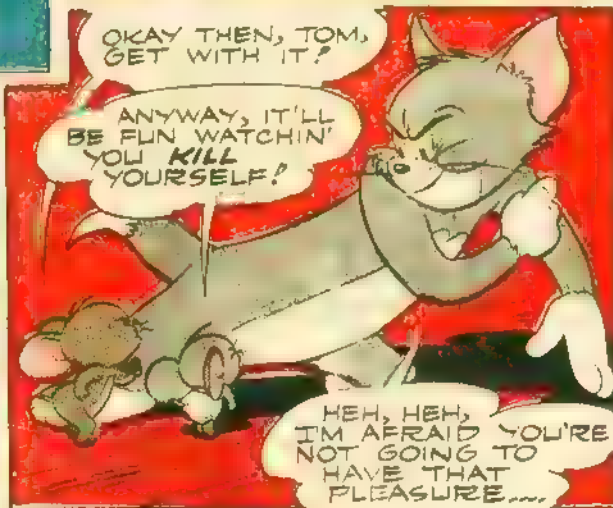
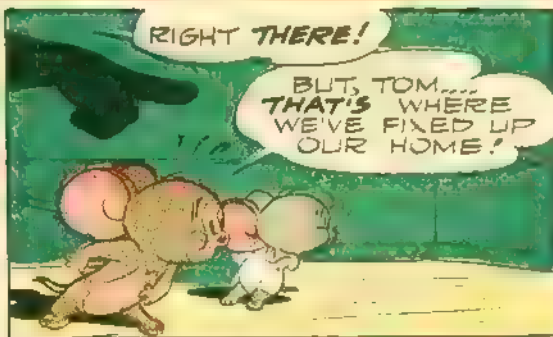
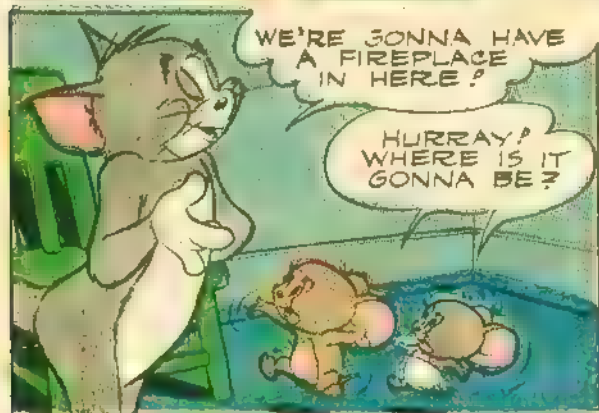
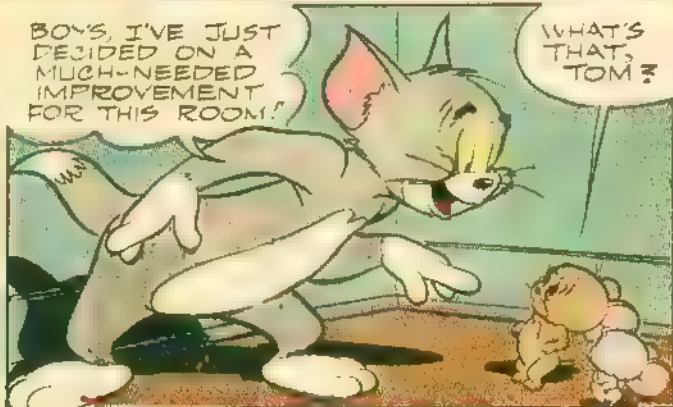
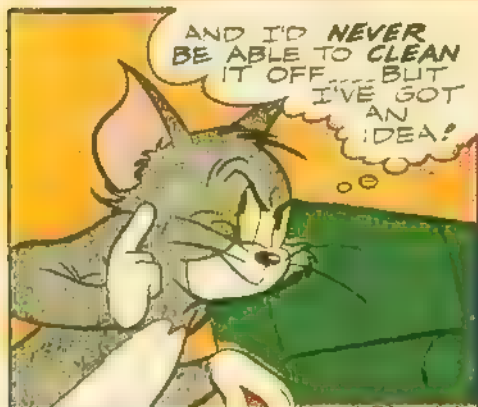
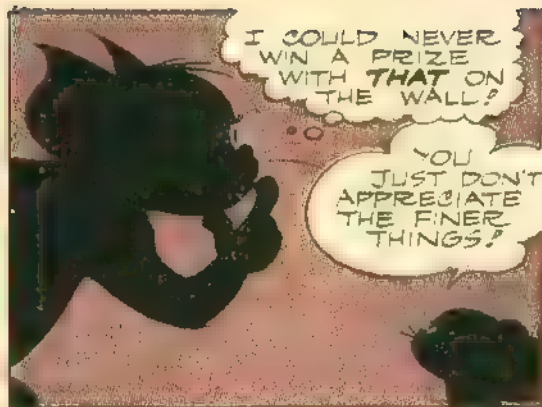
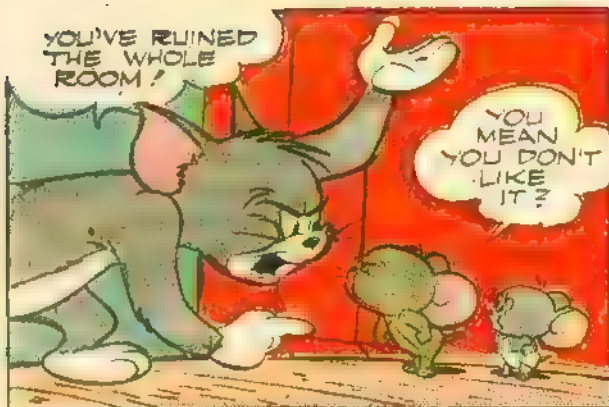


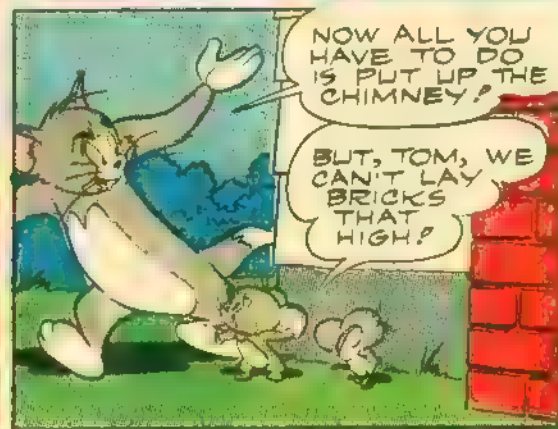
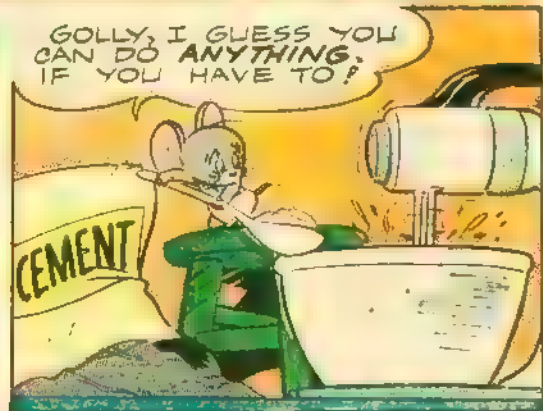
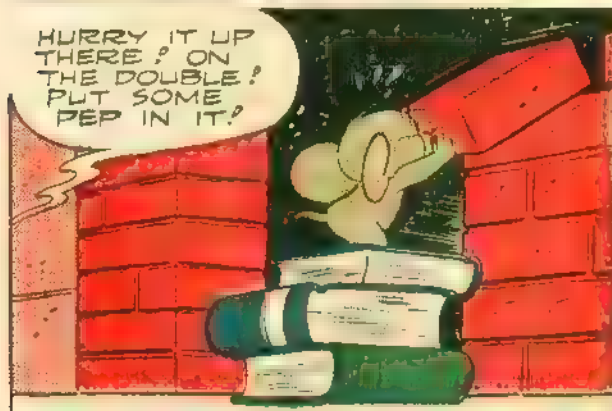
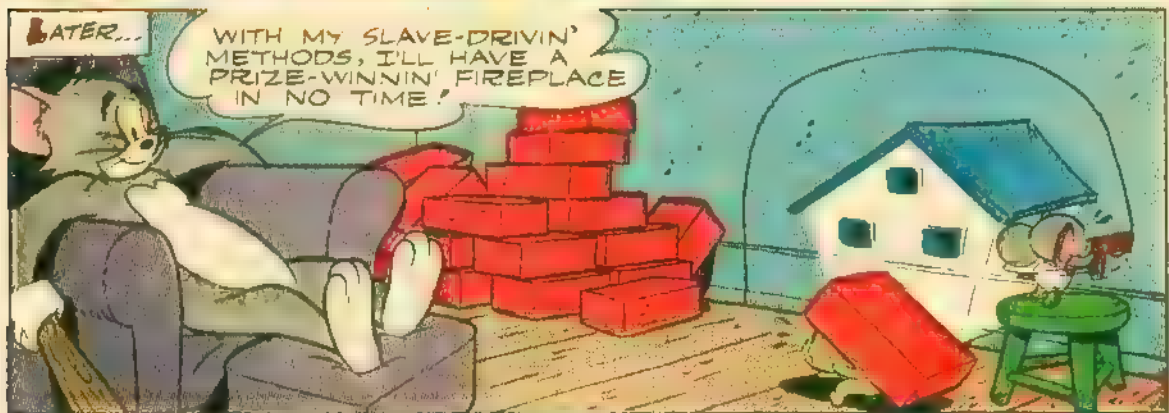
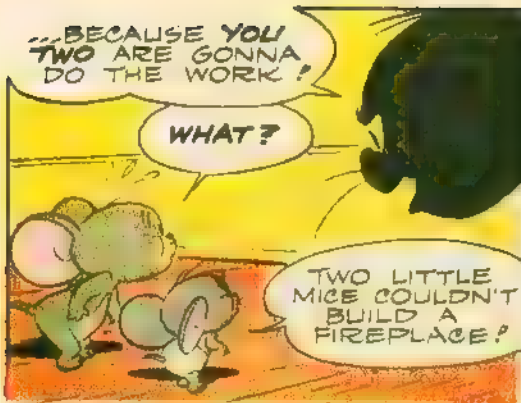
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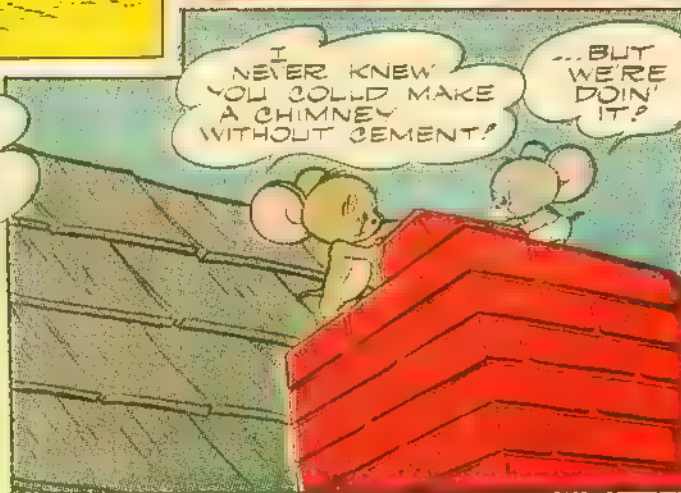
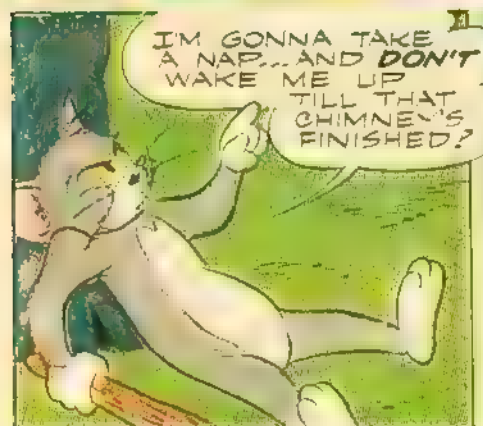
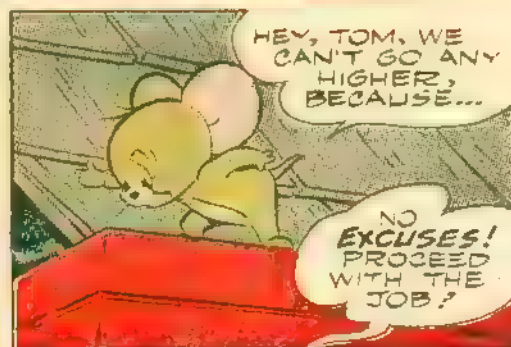
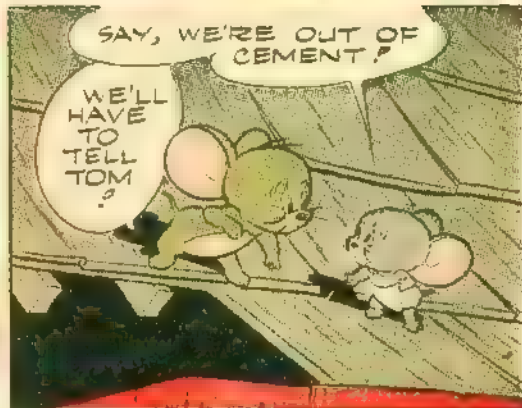
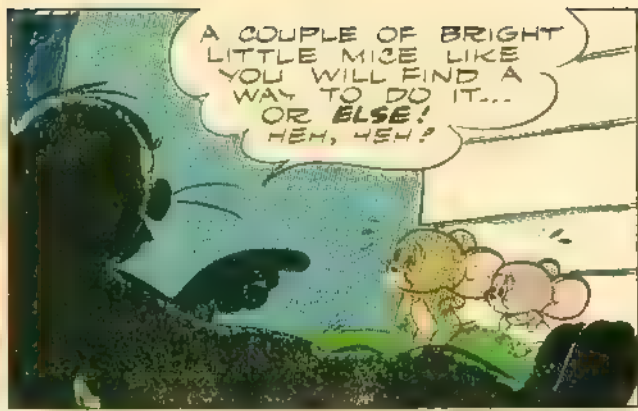
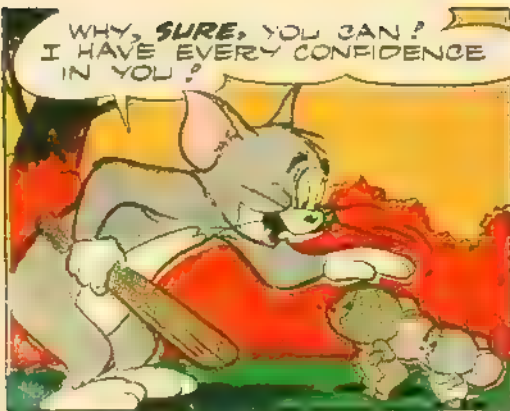


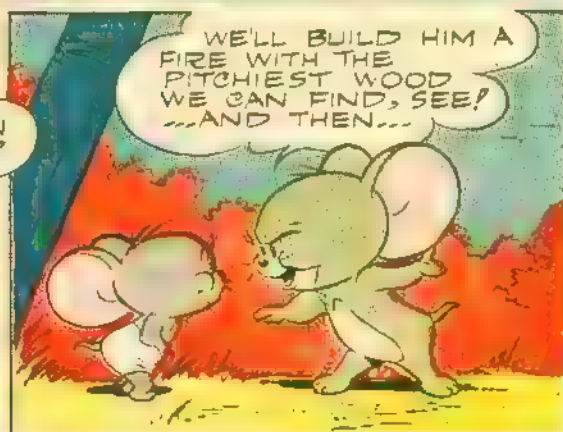
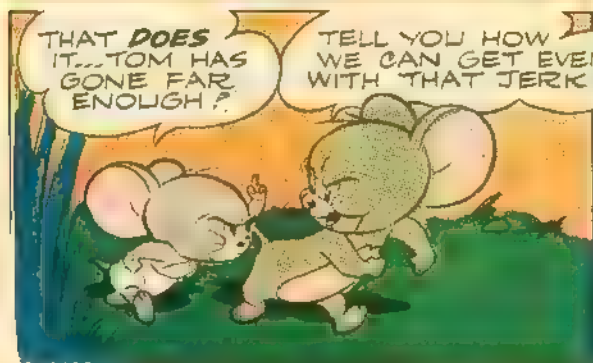
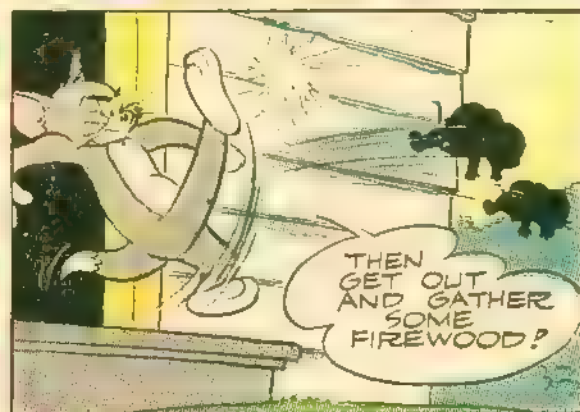
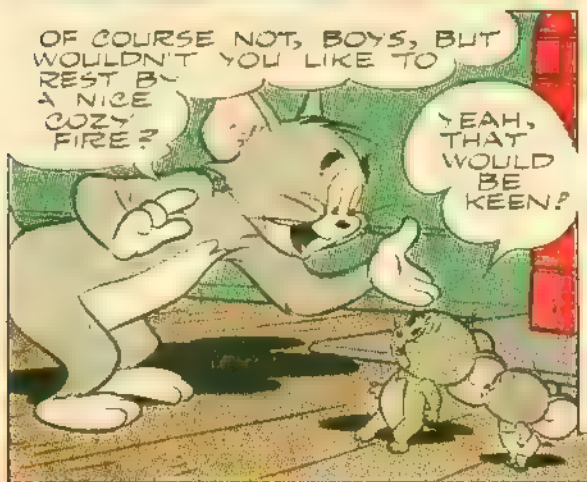
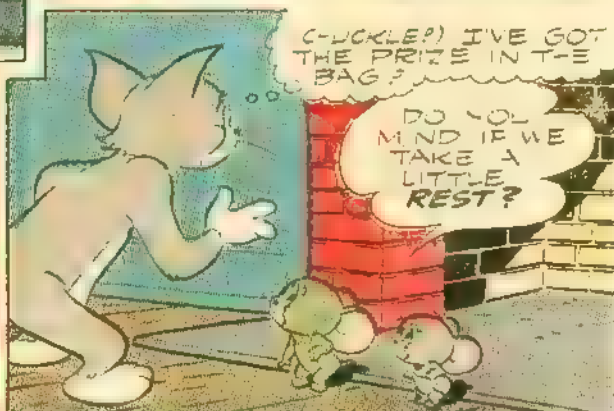
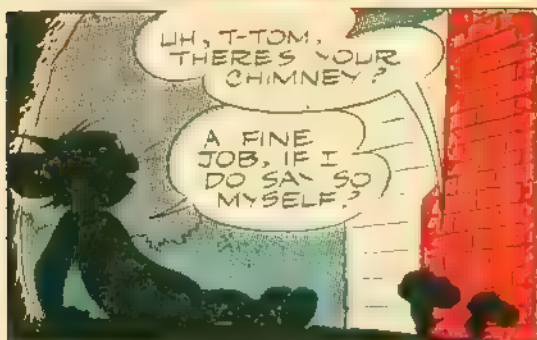
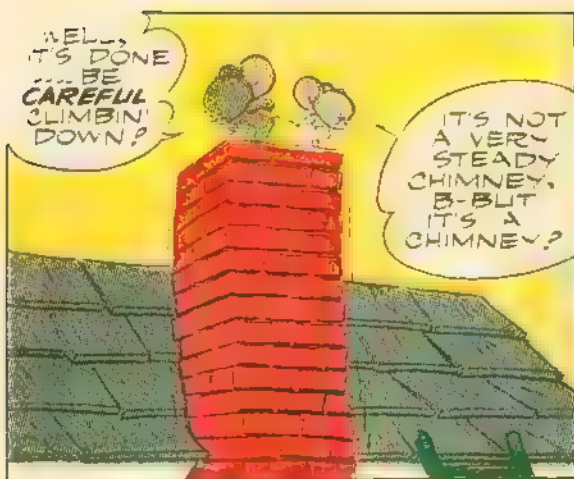
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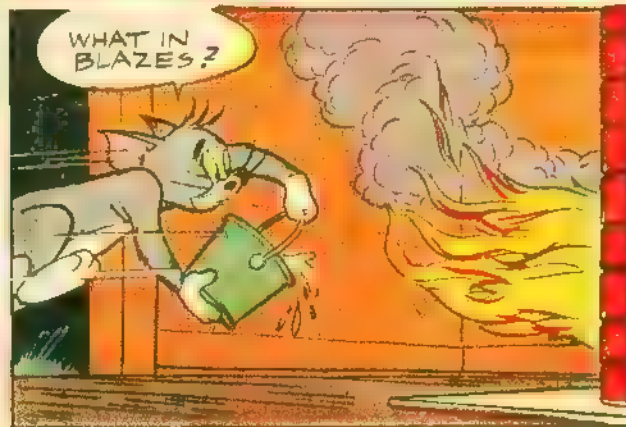
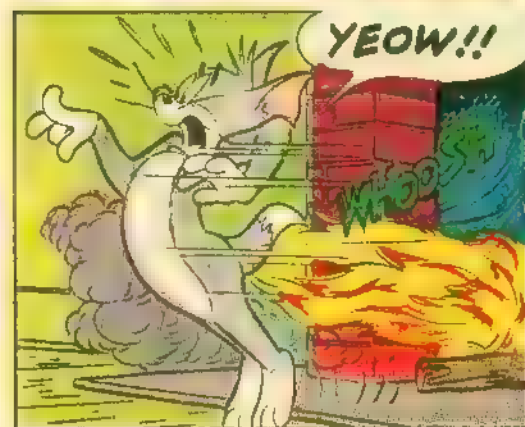
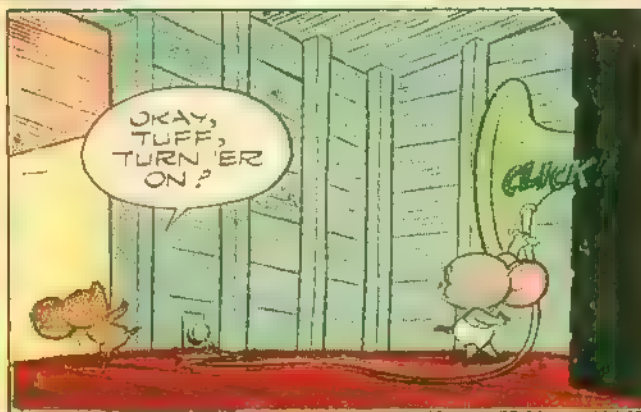
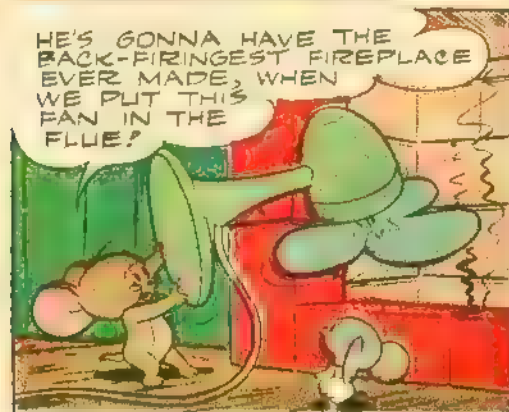
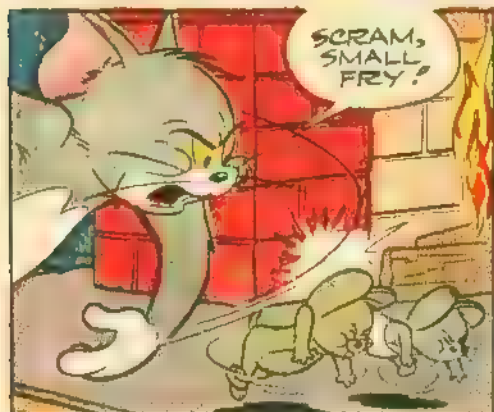
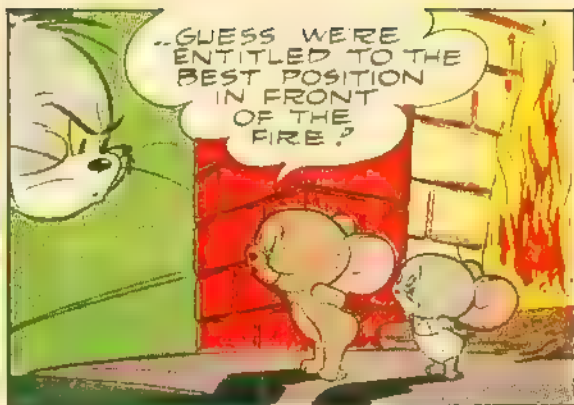
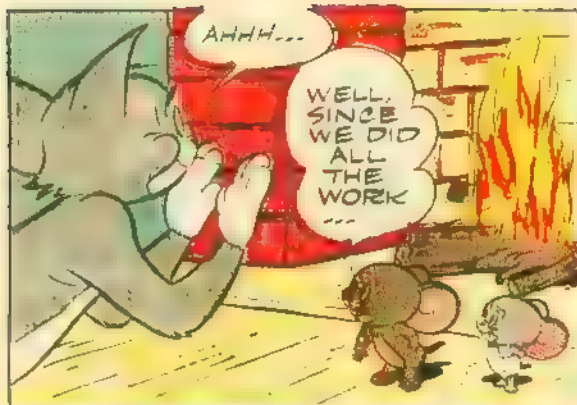


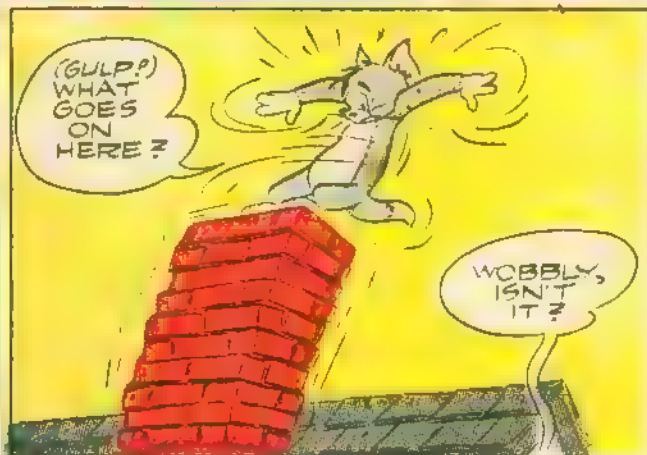
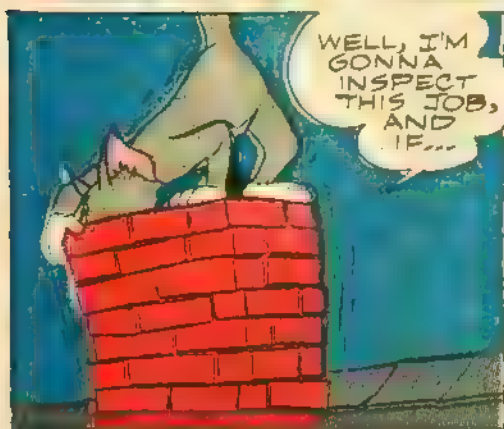
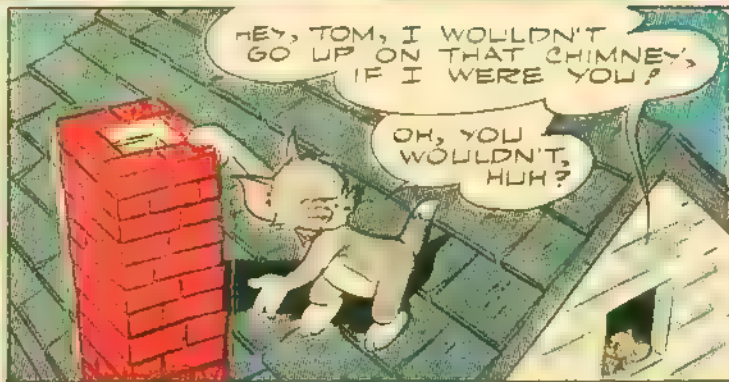
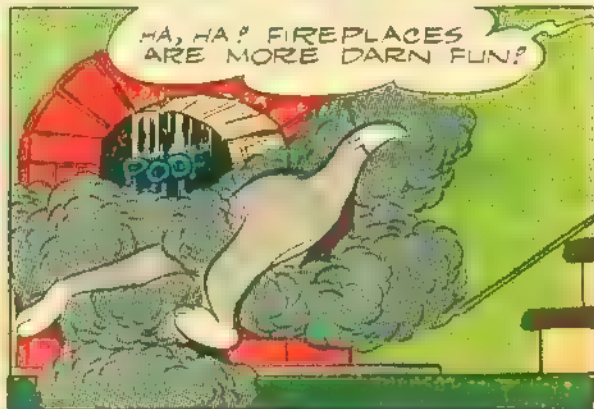
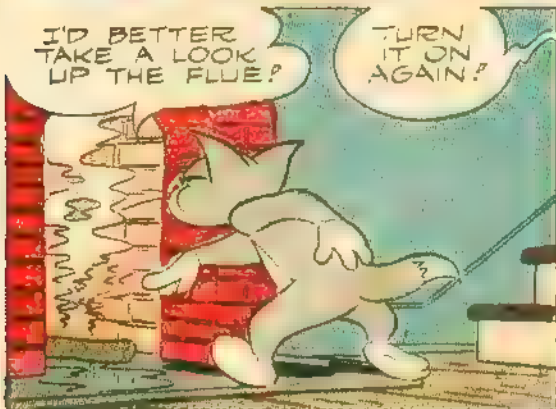
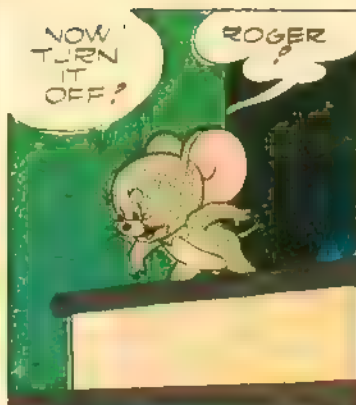
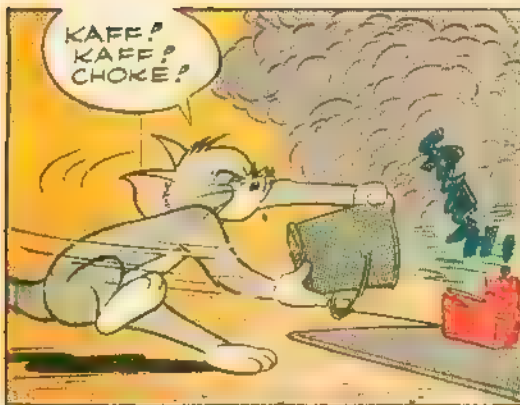


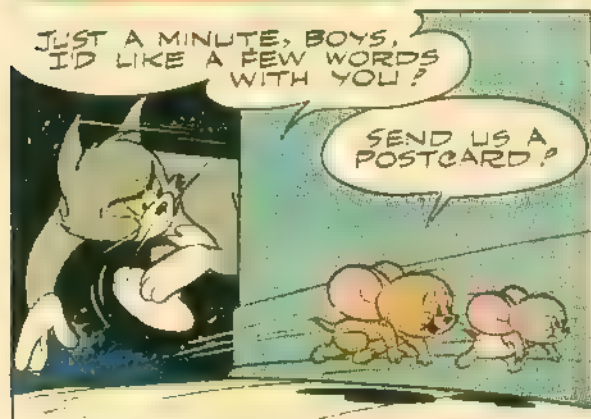
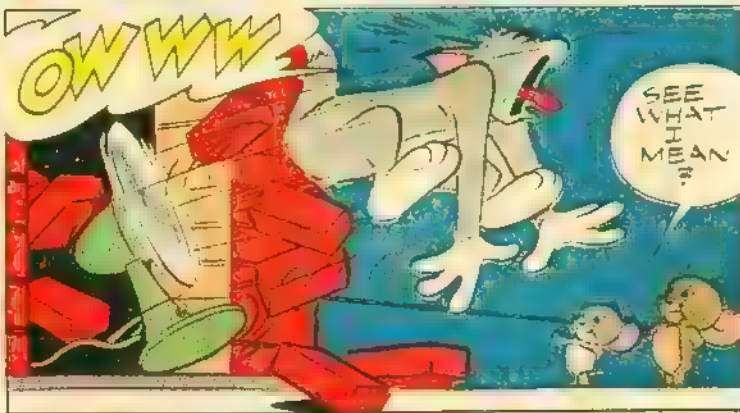
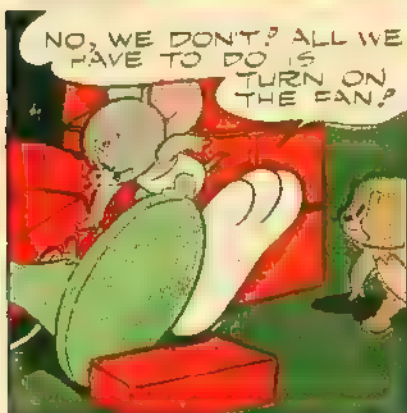
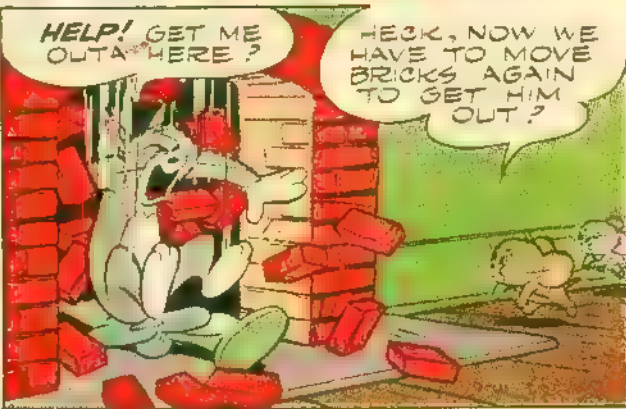
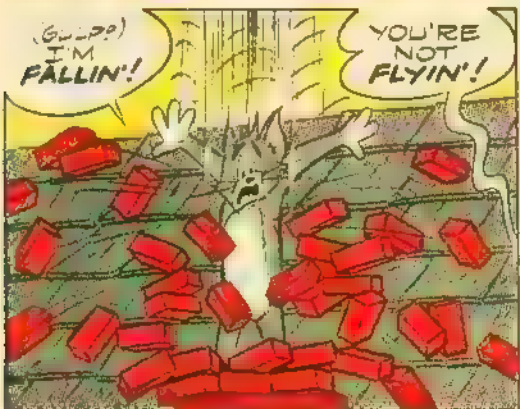
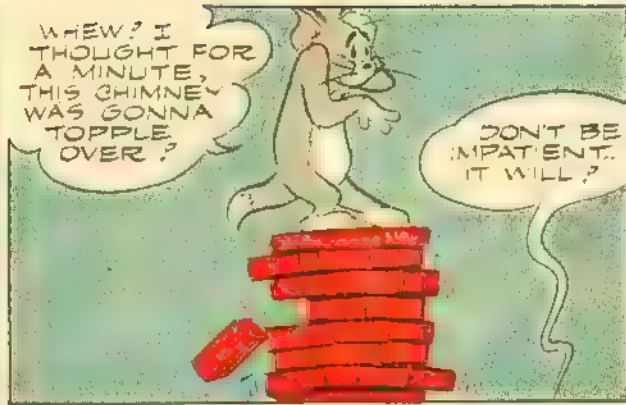
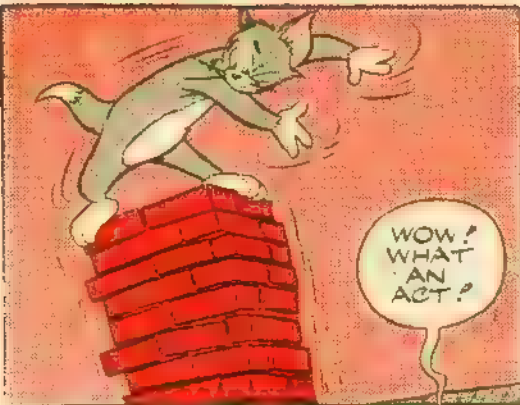


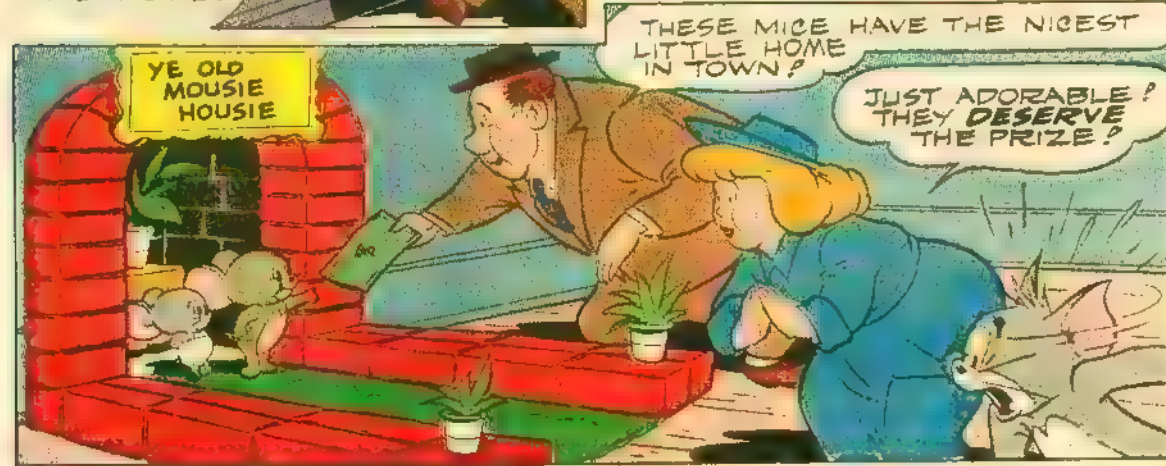
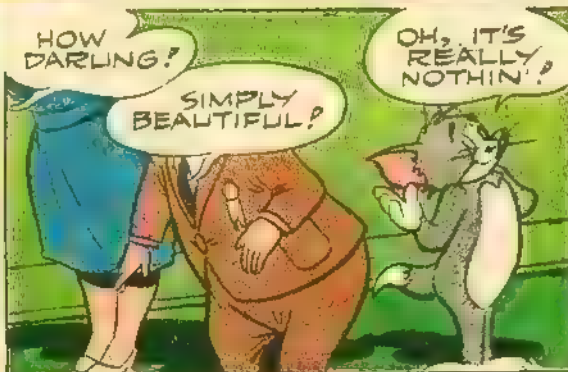
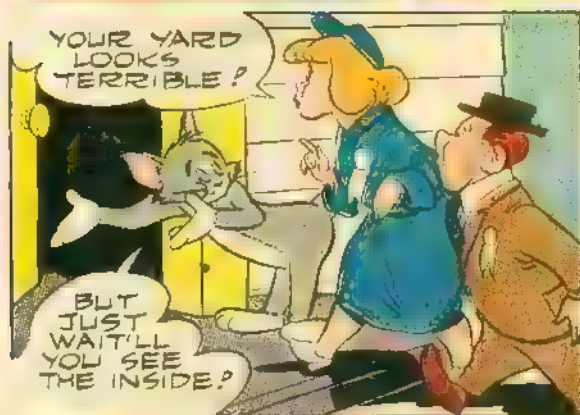
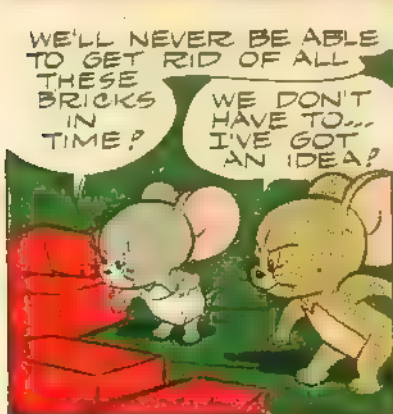
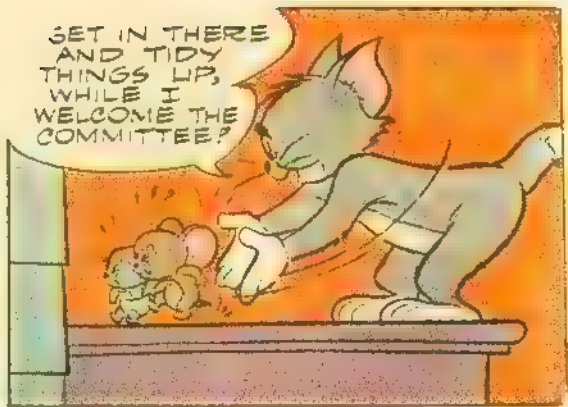
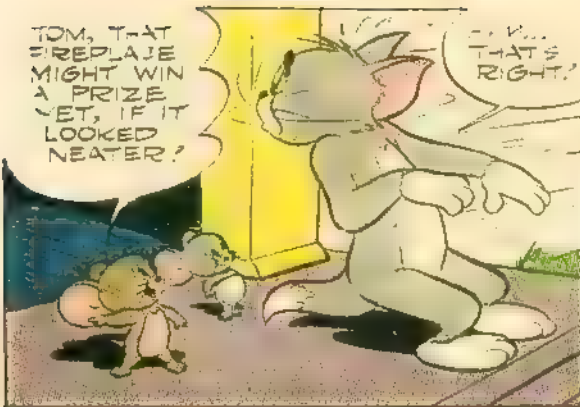




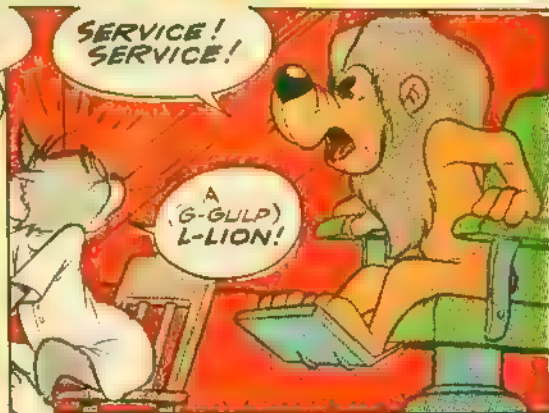
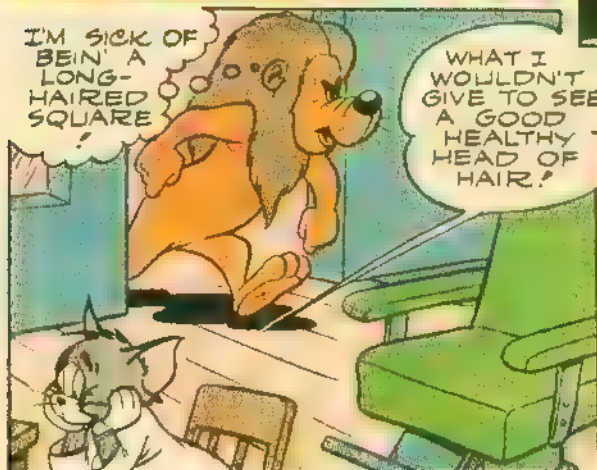
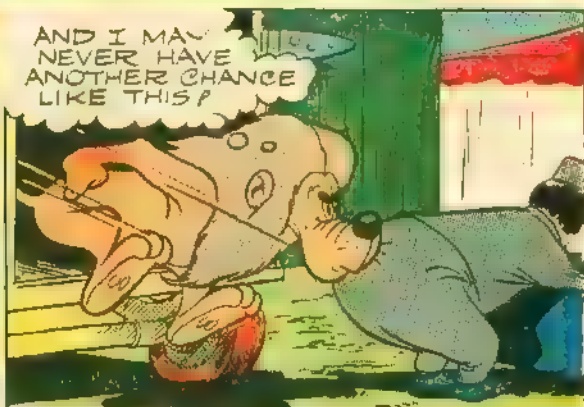
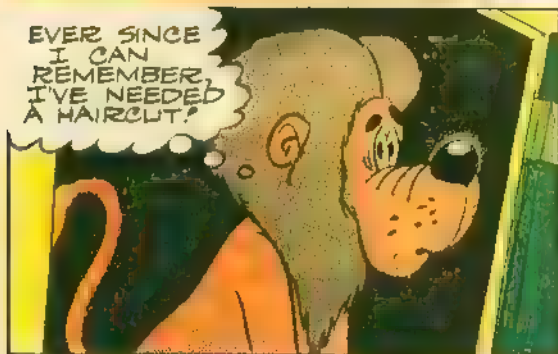
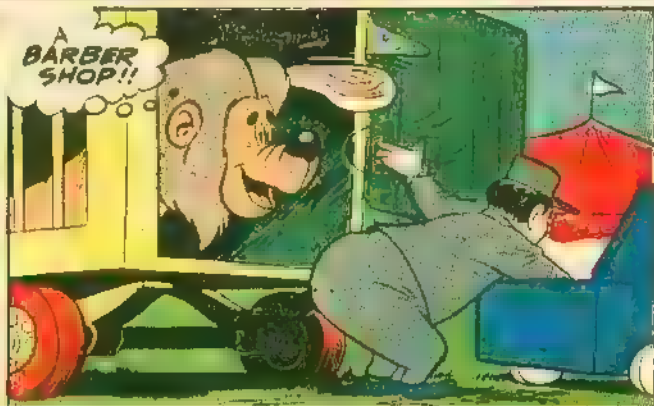
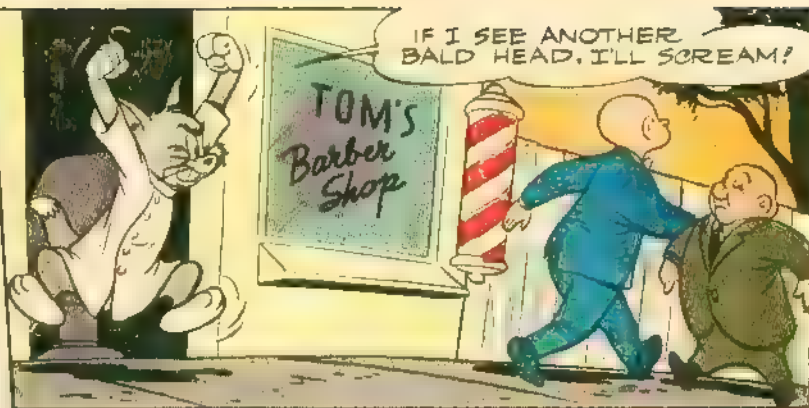


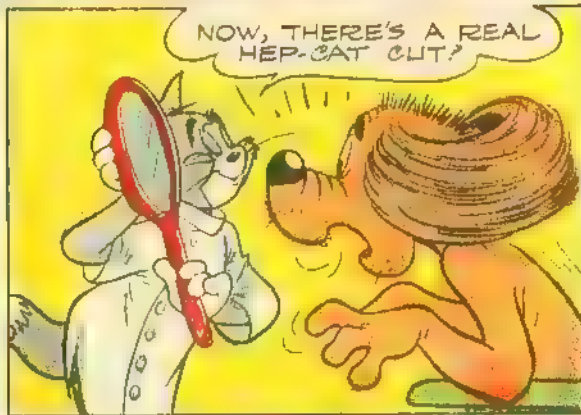
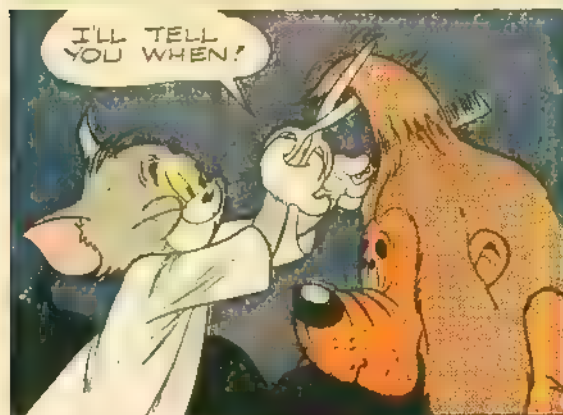
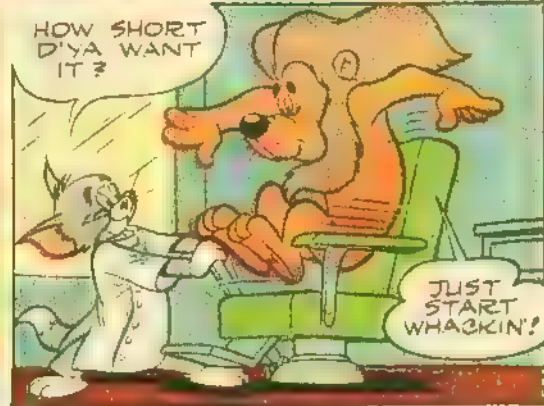
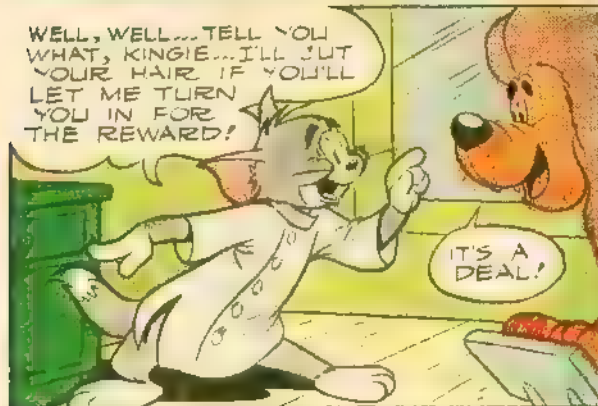
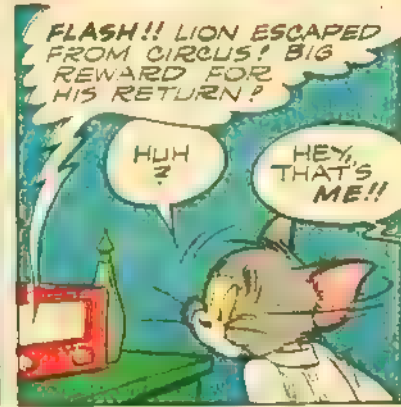
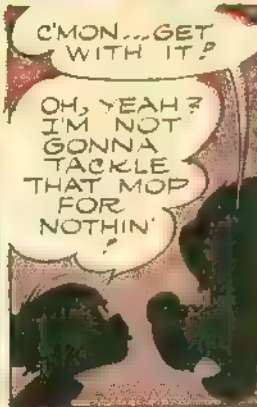
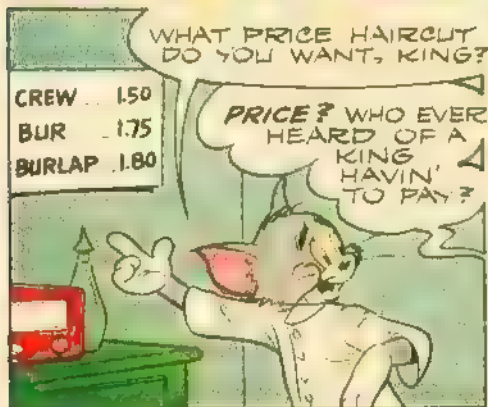
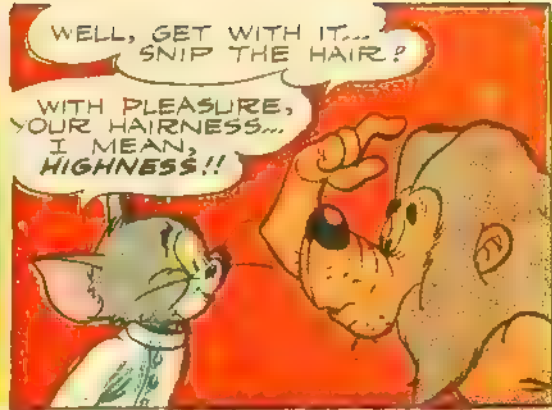
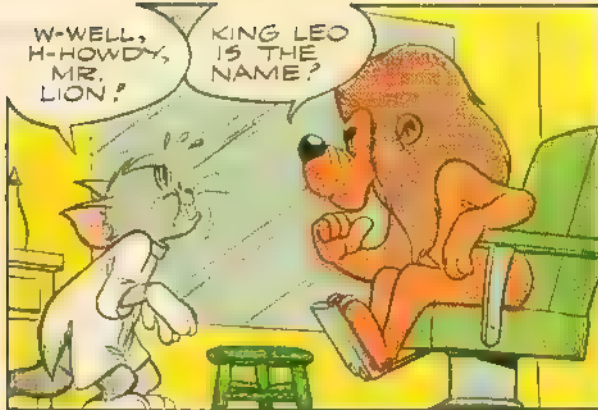


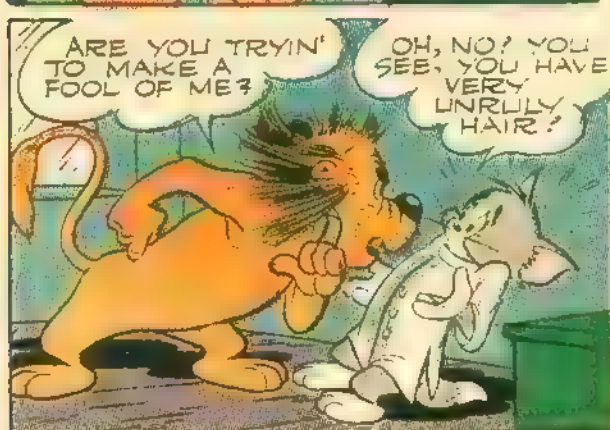
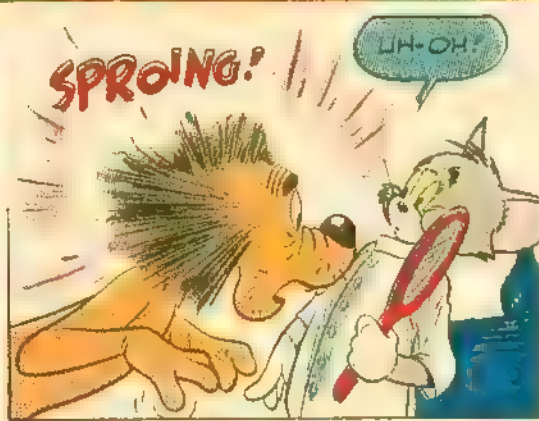
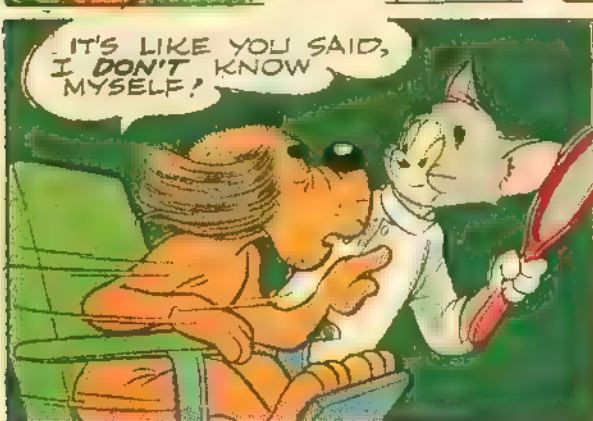
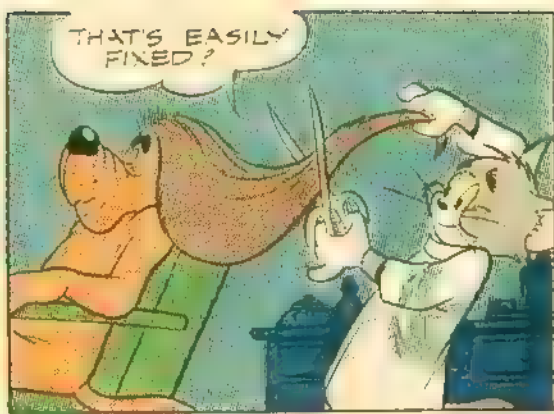
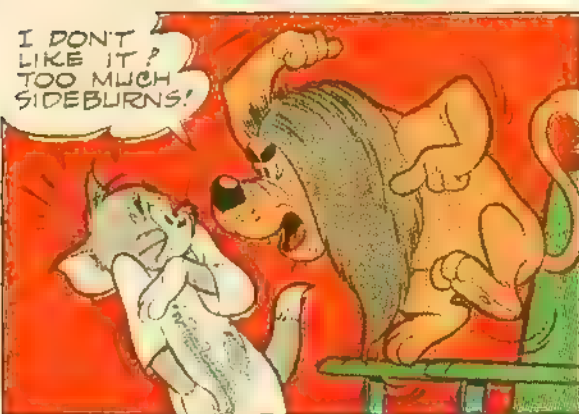


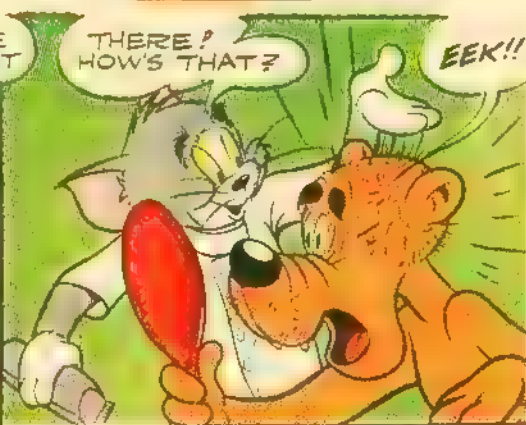
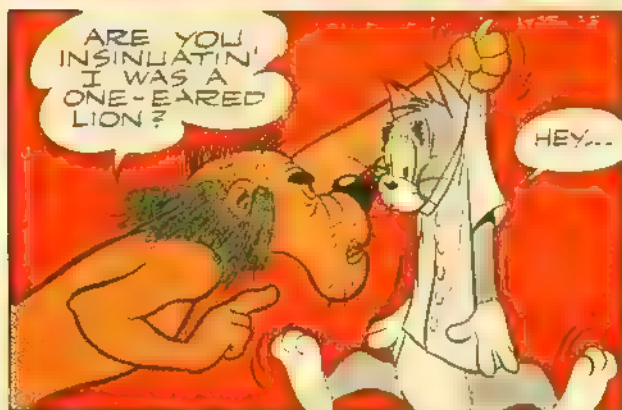
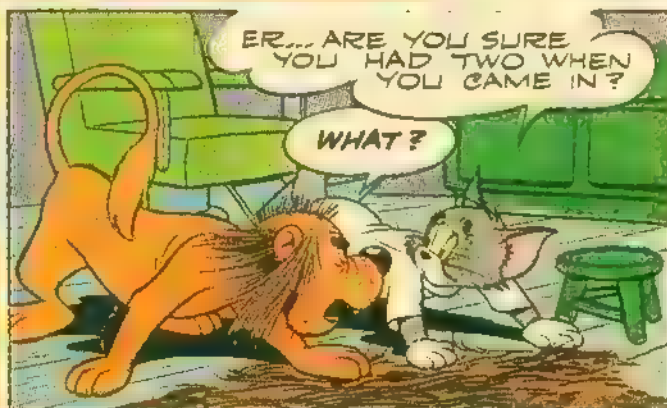
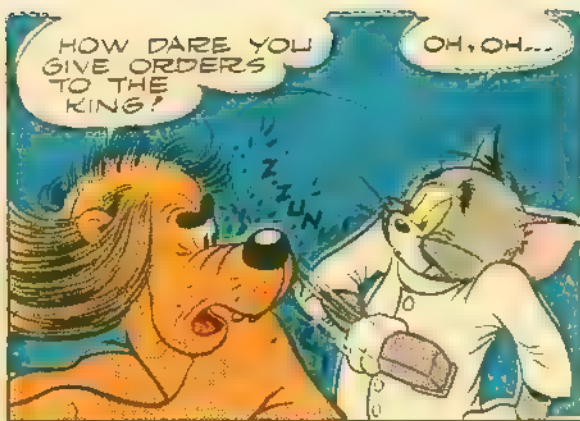
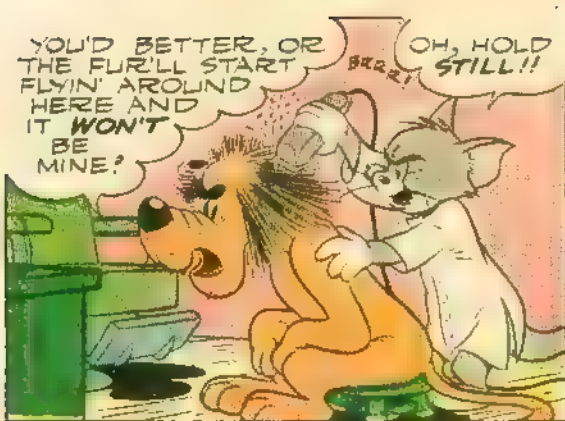


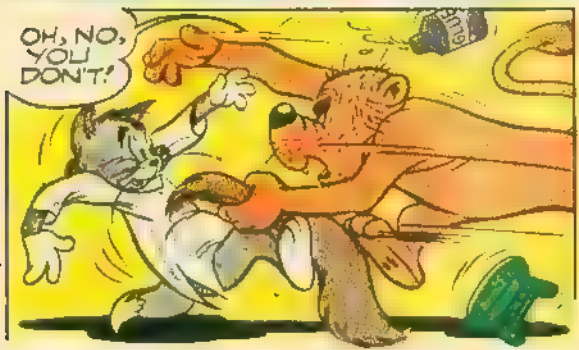
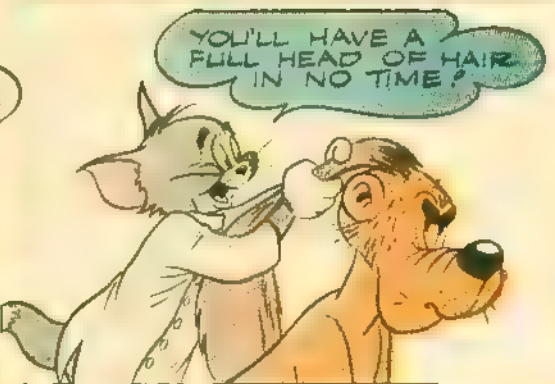
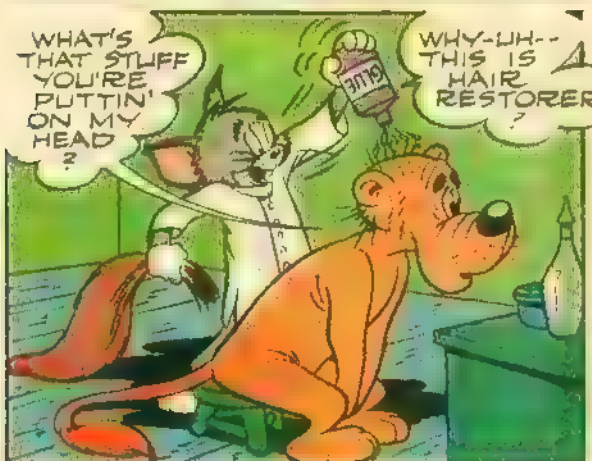
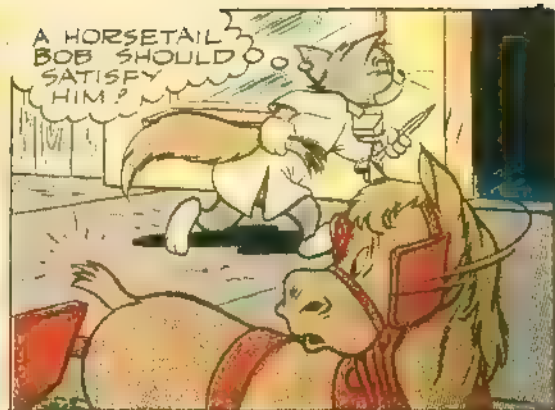
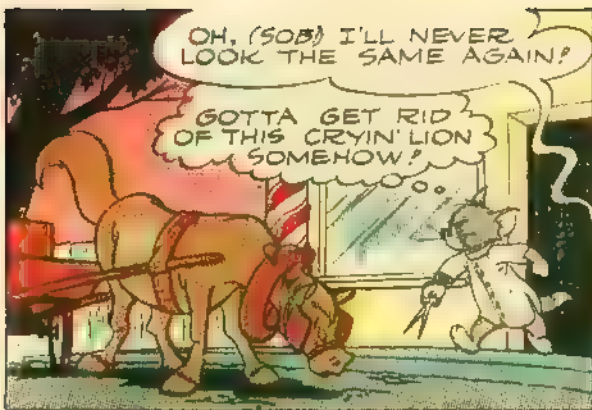
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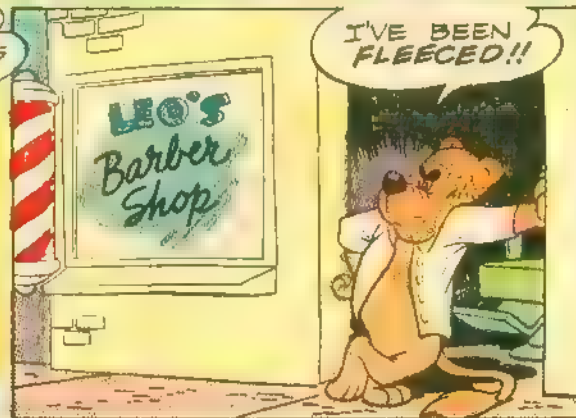
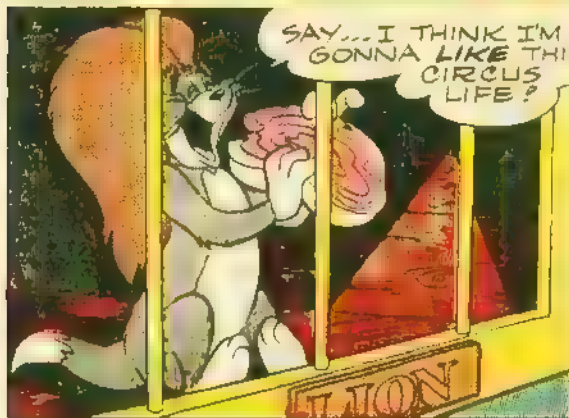
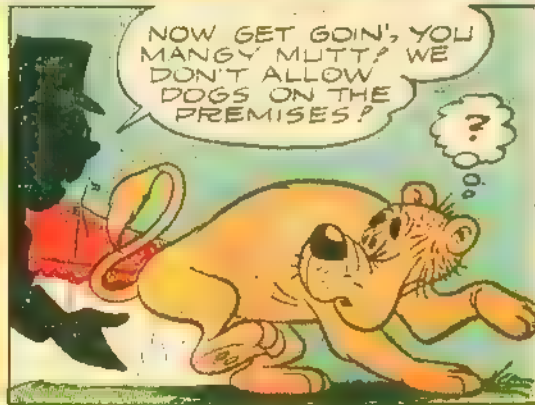
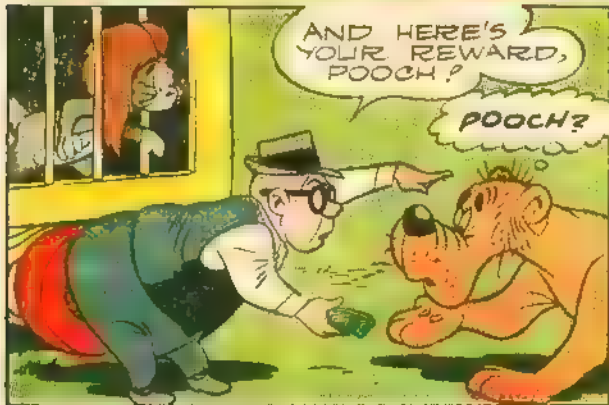
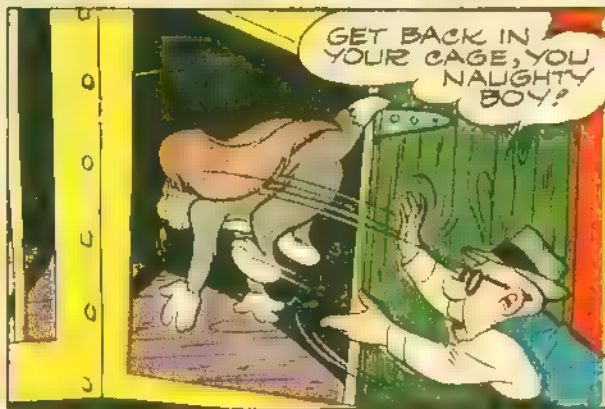
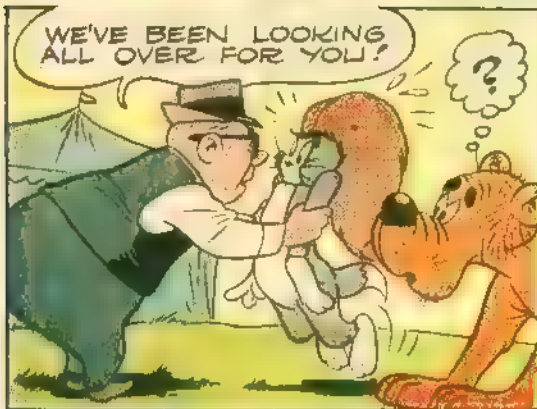
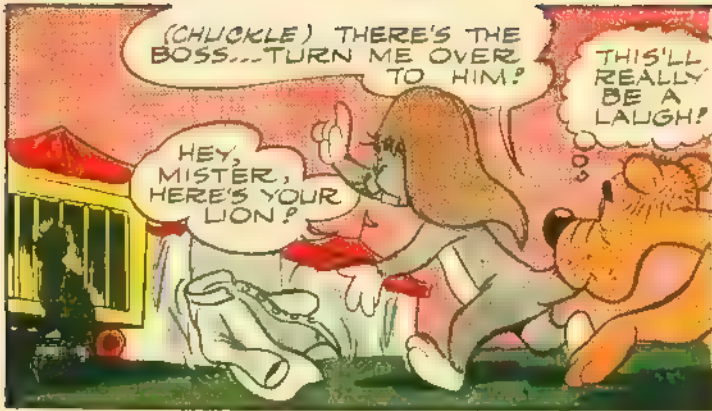




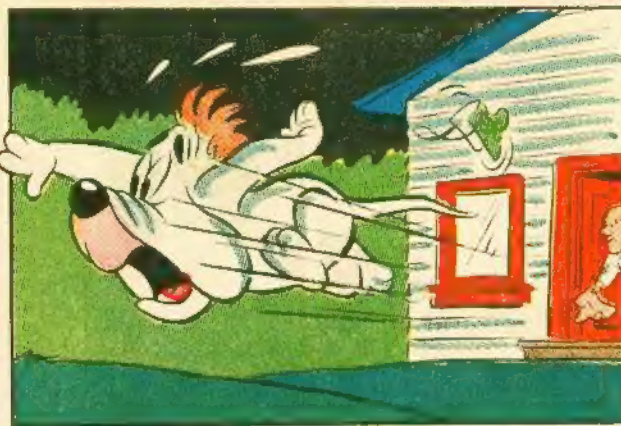
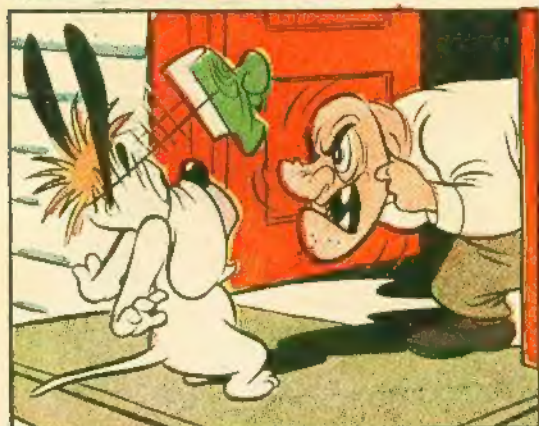
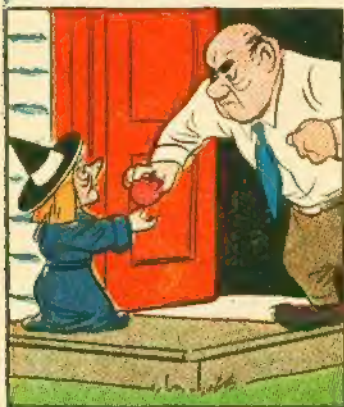
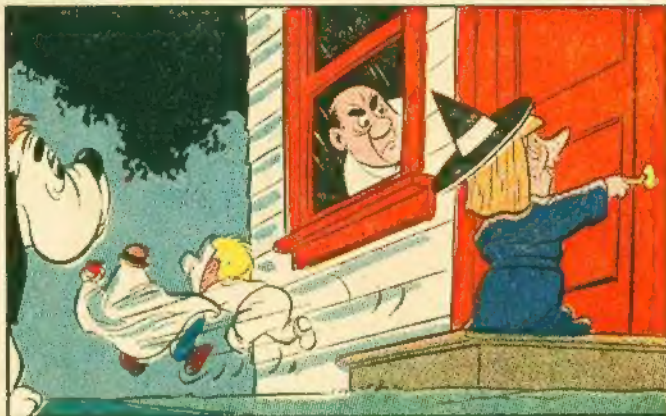
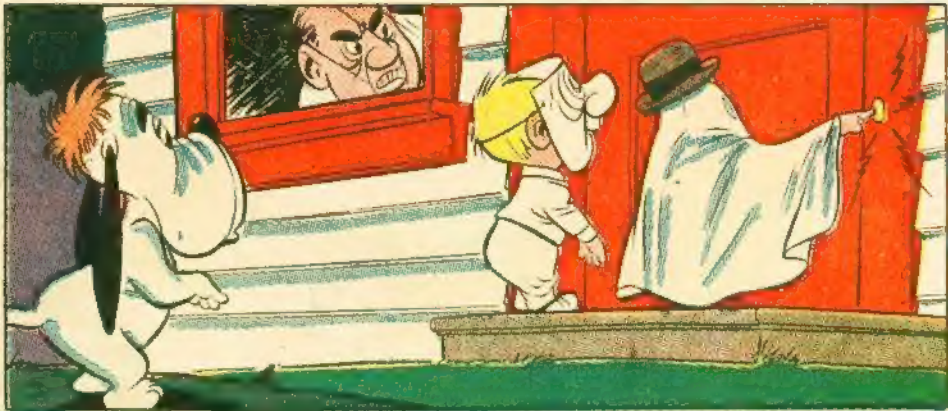


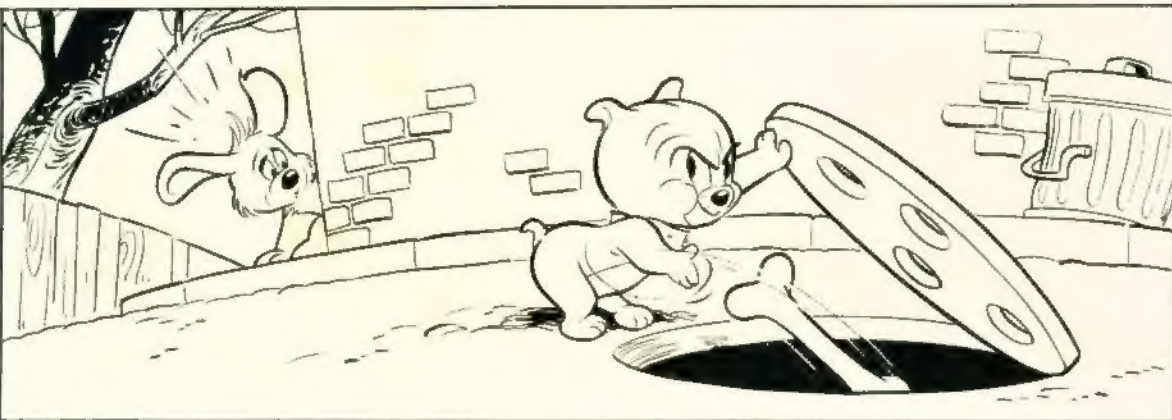
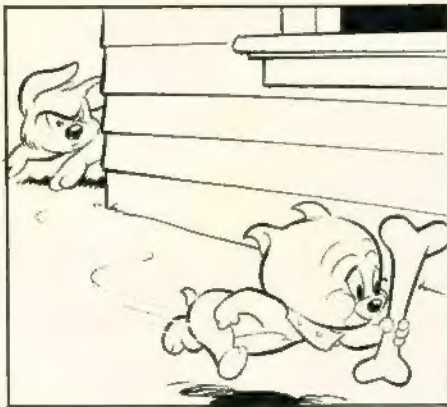
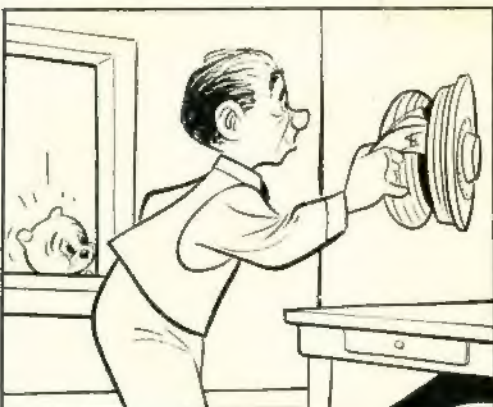
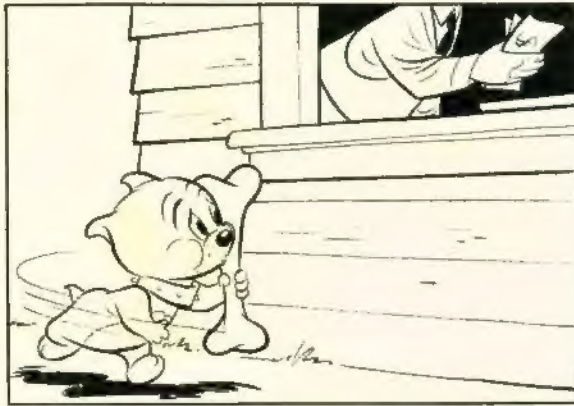






DOODY







Pinky Crossbill skidded to a stop at Bertie Bird's home in Apple Tree Lane. "Hey, Bertie!" he shouted.

Bertie Bird scampered out onto a branch. "What's up?" he asked.

"You know that house they've been building down the road?" Pinky replied. "Well, all the men have left. Let's go and see what it's like on the inside!"

"How do we get in?" Bertie asked.

Pinky grinned. "The workmen forgot to close the kitchen window! They left some of their lunch, too!"

That was all Bertie Bird had to hear. "What are we waiting for?" he twittered.

Bertie and Pinky sailed up to the newly-built house and scampered around to the kitchen window. It was open, just as Pinky had promised, and in they flew.

Bertie's eyes darted about eagerly. "I don't see any food," he complained.

Pinky looked puzzled. "There sure was some here a few minutes ago."

"Oh, well," Bertie Bird sighed, "at least we can explore the new house without anyone bothering us."

"Sure," Pinky agreed, "but I'd still like to know what happened to that food."

Bertie led the way into the front of the house. "Look!" he cried as he let out a frightened gasp.

Sitting in the doorway was a huge black cat, licking its chops as its eyes darted from bird to bird.

"Quick!" Bertie cried. "Let's get away!"

The little birds shot across the room and made a dive for the kitchen. Then they heard men's voices outside.

"We'll start at the back of the house," one painter was saying to the other.

With the painters outside and the cat creeping up behind them, Bertie and Pinky felt trapped. Just as the cat was about to spring on them, Bertie shouted to Pinky, "Duck, quick!" The little birds dove out of reach, and the cat went sailing through the open window and landed **SPLASH** in a bucket of yellow paint.

"Serves him right," Bertie giggled. "I'll bet he ate the sandwich, too!"

But Bertie and Pinky were no sooner out of that fix before they were in another! From outside came the shouts of one painter to his fellow workman, "Better close that window before we start."

"Did you hear that?" Pinky cried. "What do we do now? That window was our only way of getting out!"

"We'll think of something," Bertie said staunchly. He flew to the window and peered out at the painters. "Let's attract their attention," he suggested.

The painters looked up instantly when they heard the rat-a-tat of the little beaks on the windowpane. "Well," one exclaimed, "look inside the kitchen there. Poor things are probably suffocating," he added as he pushed up the window quickly.

Free at last, Bertie began to think of other things. Catching sight of a paper bag which he suspected contained food, he hovered over it and trilled hopefully.

"Why, they're starving! No telling how long they've been in there!" one of the men said as he took out a sandwich and broke up for Bertie and Pinky.

The little birds gulped away happily until they were full. Then they hopped up on a nearby tree branch and sang a grateful concert.

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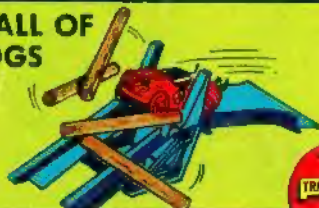
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